Lake English Classics

SCOTT

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

MOODY-WILLARD

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The Lake English Classics

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EDITED BY

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THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY, A.M.
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

AND A GLOSSARY AND NOTES

BY

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SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY
CHICAGO NEW YORK

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I. LIFE OF SCOTT

I

Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771, of an ancient Scotch clan numbering in its time many a hard rider and good fighter, and more than one of these petty chieftains, half-shepherd and half-robber, who made good the winter inroads into their stock of beeves by spring forays and cattle drives across the English Border. Scott's great-grandfather was the famous "Beardie" of Harden, so called because after the exile of the Stuart sovereigns he swore never to cut his beard until they were reinstated; and several degrees farther back he could point to a still more famous figure, "Auld Wat of Harden," who with his fair dame, the Flower of Yarrow, is mentioned in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The first member of the clan to abandon country life and take up a sedentary profession, was Scott's father, who settled in Edinburgh as Writer to the Signet, a position corresponding in Scotland to that of attorney or solicitor in England. The character of this father, stern, scrupulous, Calvinistic, with a high sense of ceremonial dignity and a punctilious regard for the honorable conventions of life, united with the wilder ancestral strain to make Scott what

he was. From "Auld Wat" and "Beardie" came his high spirit, his rugged manliness, his chivalric ideals; from the Writer to the Signet came that power of methodical labor which made him a giant among the literary workers of his day, and that delicate sense of responsibility which gave his private life its remarkable sweetness and beauty.

At the age of eighteen months, Scott was seized with a teething fever which settled in his right leg and retarded its growth to such an extent that he was slightly lame for the rest of his life. Possibly this affliction was a blessing in disguise, since it is not improbable that Scott's love of active adventure would have led him into the army or the navy, if he had not been deterred by a bodily impediment; in which case, though English history might have been a gainer, English literature would certainly have been immeasurably a loser. In spite of his lameness, the child grew strong enough to be sent on a long visit to his grandfather's farm at Sandyknowe; and here, lying among the sheep on the windy downs, playing about the romantic ruins of Smailholm Tower,[1] scampering through the heather on a tiny Shetland pony, or listening to stories of the thrilling past told by the old women of the farm, he drank in sensations which strengthened both the hardiness and the romanticism of his nature. A story is told of his being found in the fields during a thunder storm, clapping his hands at each

[1] See Scott's ballad *The Eve of St. John*.

flash of lightning, and shouting "Bonny! Bonny!" —a bit of infantile intrepidity which makes more acceptable a story of another sort illustrative of his mental precocity. A lady entering his mother's room, found him reading aloud a description of a shipwreck, accompanying the words with excited comments and gestures. "There's the mast gone," he cried, "crash it goes; they will all perish!" The lady entered into his agitation with tact, and on her departure, he told his mother that he liked their visitor, because "she was a virtuoso, like himself." To her amused inquiry as to what a virtuoso might be, he replied: "Don't ye know? why, 'tis one who wishes to and will know everything."

As a boy at school in Edinburgh and in Kelso, and afterwards as a student at the University and an apprentice in his father's law office, Scott took his own way to become a "virtuoso;" a rather queer way it must sometimes have seemed to his good preceptors. He refused point-blank to learn Greek, and cared little for Latin. His scholarship was so erratic that he glanced meteor-like from the head to the foot of his classes and back again, according as luck gave or withheld the question to which his highly selective memory had retained the answer. But outside of school hours he was intensely at work to "know everything," so far as "everything" came within the bounds of his special tastes. Before he was ten years old he had

begun to collect chap-books and ballads. As he grew older he read omnivorously in romance and history; at school he learned French for the sole purpose of knowing at first hand the fascinating cycles of old French romance; a little later he mastered Italian in order to read Dante and Ariosto, and to his schoolmaster's indignation stoutly championed the claim of the latter poet to superiority over Homer; a little later he acquired Spanish and read *Don Quixote* in the original. With such efforts, however, considerable as they were for a boy who passionately loved a "bicker" in the streets, and who was famed among his comrades for bravery in climbing the perilous "kittle nine stanes" on Castle Rock,—he was not content. Nothing more conclusively shows the genuineness of Scott's romantic feeling than his willingness to undergo severe mental drudgery in pursuit of knowledge concerning the old storied days which had enthralled his imagination. It was no moonshine sentimentality which kept him hour after hour and day after day in the Advocate's Library, poring over musty manuscripts, deciphering heraldic devices, tracing genealogies, and unraveling obscure points of Scottish history. By the time he was twenty-one he had made himself, almost unconsciously, an expert paleographer and antiquarian, whose assistance was sought by professional workers in those branches of knowledge. Carlyle has charged against Scott that he poured

out his vast floods of poetry and romance without preparation or forethought; that his production was always impromptu, and rooted in no sufficient past of acquisition. The charge cannot stand. From his earliest boyhood until his thirtieth year, when he began his brilliant career as poet and novelist, his life was one long preparation,—very individual and erratic preparation, perhaps, but none the less earnest and fruitful.

In 1792, Scott, then twenty-one years old, was admitted a member of the faculty of advocates of Edinburgh. During the five years which elapsed between this date and his marriage, his life was full to overflowing of fun and adventure, rich with genial companionship, and with experience of human nature in all its wild and tame varieties. Ostensibly he was a student of law, and he did, indeed, devote some serious attention to the mastery of his profession. But the dry formalities of legal life his keen humor would not allow him to take quite seriously. On the day when he was called to the bar, while waiting his turn among the other young advocates, he turned to his friend, William Clark, who had been called with him, and whispered, mimicking the Highland lasses who used to stand at the Cross of Edinburgh to be hired for the harvest: "We've stood here an hour by the Tron, hinny, and deil a ane has speered[1] our price." Though Scott never made a legal reputation, either

[1] Asked.

as pleader at the bar or as an authority upon legal history and principles, it cannot be doubted that his experience in the Edinburgh courts was of immense benefit to him. In the first place, his study of the Scotch statutes, statutes which had taken form very gradually under the pressure of changing national conditions, gave him an insight into the politics and society of the past not otherwise to have been obtained. Of still more value, perhaps, was the association with his young companions in the profession, and daily contact with the racy personalities which traditionally haunt all courts of law, and particularly Scotch courts of law: the first association kept him from the affectation and sentimentality which is the bane of the youthful romanticist; and the second enriched his memory with many an odd figure afterward to take its place, clothed in the colors of a great dramatic imagination, upon the stage of his stories.

Added to these experiences, there were others equally calculated to enlarge his conception of human nature. Not the least among these he found in the brilliant literary and artistic society of Edinburgh, to which his mother's social position gave him entrance. Here, when only a lad, he met Robert Burns, then the pet and idol of the fashionable coteries of the capital. Here he heard Henry Mackenzie deliver a lecture on German literature which turned his attention to the

romantic poetry of Germany and led directly to his first attempts at ballad-writing. But much more vital than any or all of these influences, were those endless walking-tours which alone or in company with a boon companion he took over the neighboring country-side,—care-free, roystering expeditions, which he afterwards immortalized as Dandie Dinmont's "Liddesdale raids" in *Guy Mannering*. Thirty miles across country as the crow flies, with no objective point and no errand, a village inn or a shepherd's hut at night, with a crone to sing them an old ballad over the fire, or a group of hardy dalesmen to welcome them with stories and carousal,—these were blithe adventurous days such as could not fail to ripen Scott's already ardent nature, and store his memory with genial knowledge. The account of Dandie Dinmont given by Mr. Shortreed may be taken as a picture, only too true in some of its touches, of Scott in these youthful escapades: "Eh me, . . sic an endless fund of humour and drollery as he had then wi' him. Never ten yards but we were either laughing or roaring and singing. Wherever we stopped how brawlie he suited himsel' to everybody! He aye did as the lave did; never made himsel' the great man or took ony airs in the company. I've seen him in a' moods in these jaunts, grave and gay, daft and serious, sober and drunk —(this, however, even in our wildest rambles, was but rare)—but drunk or sober, he was aye the

gentleman. He looked excessively heavy and stupid when he was fou, but he was never out o' gude humour." After this, we are not surprised to hear that Scott's father told him disgustedly that he was better fitted to be a fiddling pedlar, a "gangrel scrape-gut," than a respectable attorney. As a matter of fact, however, behind the mad pranks and the occasional excesses there was a very serious purpose in all this scouring of the country-side. Scott was picking up here and there, from the old men and women with whom he hobnobbed, antiquarian material of an invaluable kind, bits of local history, immemorial traditions and superstitions, and, above all, precious ballads which had been handed down for generations among the peasantry. These ballads, thus precariously transmitted, it was Scott's ambition to gather together and preserve, and he spared no pains or fatigue to come at any scrap of ballad literature of whose existence he had an inkling. Meanwhile, he was enriching heart and imagination for the work that was before him. So that here also, though in the hair-brained and heady way of youth, he was engaged in his task of preparation.

Scott has told us that it was his reading of *Don Quixote* which determined him to be an author; but he was first actually excited to composition in another way. This was by hearing recited a ballad of the German poet Bürger, entitled *Lenore*, in which a skeleton lover carries off his bride to a

wedding in the land of death. Mr. Hutton remarks upon the curiousness of the fact that a piece of "raw supernaturalism" like this should have appealed so strongly to a mind as healthy and sane as Scott's. So it was, however. He could not rid himself of the fascination of the piece until he had translated it, and published it, together with another translation from the same author. One stanza at least of this first effort of Scott sounds a note characteristic of his poetry:

> Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
> Splash! splash! along the sea;
> The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
> The flashing pebbles flee.

Here we catch the trumpet-like clang and staccato tramp of verse which he was soon to use in a way to thrill his generation. This tiny pamphlet of verse, Scott's earliest publication, appeared in 1796. Soon after, he met Monk Lewis, then famous as a purveyor to English palates of the crude horrors which German romanticism had just ceased to revel in. Lewis was engaged in compiling a book of supernatural stories and poems under the title of *Tales of Wonder*, and asked Scott to contribute. Scott wrote for this book three long ballads—*Glenfinlas*, *Cadyow Castle*, and *The Gray Brother*. Though tainted with the conventional diction of eighteenth century verse, these ballads are not unimpressive pieces of work; the second named, especially, shows a kind and degree of romantic

imagination such as his later poetry rather substantiated than newly revealed.

II

In the following year, 1797, Scott married a Miss Charpentier, daughter of a French refugee. She was not his first love, that place having been usurped by a Miss Stuart Belches, for whom Scott had felt perhaps the only deep passion of his life, and memory of whom was to come to the surface touchingly in his old age. Miss Charpentier, or Carpenter, as she was called, with her vivacity and quaint foreign speech "caught his heart on the rebound;" there can be no doubt that, in spite of a certain shallowness of character, she made him a good wife, and that his affection for her deepened steadily to the end. The young couple went to live at Lasswade, a village near Edinburgh, on the Esk. Scott, in whom the proprietary instinct was always very strong, took great pride in the pretty little cottage. He made a dining-table for it with his own hands, planted saplings in the yard, and drew together two willow-trees at the gate into a kind of arch, surmounted by a cross made of two sticks. "After I had constructed this," he says, "mamma (Mrs. Scott) and I both of us thought it so fine that we turned out to see it by moonlight, and walked backwards from it to the cottage door, in admiration of our magnificence and its picturesque effect." It would have been well

indeed for them both if their pleasures of proprietorship could always have remained so touchingly simple.

Now that he was married, Scott was forced to look a little more sharply to his fortunes. He applied himself with more determination to the law. In 1799 he became deputy-sheriff of Selkirkshire, with a salary of three hundred pounds, which placed him at least beyond the reach of want. He began to look more and more to literature as a means of supplementing his income. His ballads in the *Tales of Wonder* had gained him some reputation; this he increased in 1802 by the publication, under the title *Border Minstrelsy*, of the ballads which he had for several years been collecting, collating, and richly annotating. Meanwhile, he was looking about for a congenial subject upon which to try his hand in a larger way than he had as yet adventured. Such a subject came to him at last in a manner calculated to enlist all his enthusiasm in its treatment, for it was given him by the Countess of Dalkeith, wife of the heir-apparent to the dukedom of Buccleugh. The ducal house of Buccleugh stood at the head of the clan Scott, and toward its representative the poet always held himself in an attitude of feudal reverence. The Duke of Buccleugh was his "chief," entitled to demand from him both passive loyalty and active service; so, at least, Scott loved to interpret their relationship, making effective in

his own case a feudal sentiment which had elsewhere somewhat lapsed. He especially loved to think of himself as the bard of his clan, a modern representative of those rude poets whom the Scottish chiefs once kept as a part of their household to chant the exploits of the clan. Nothing could have pleased his fancy more, therefore, than a request on the part of the lady of his chief to treat a subject of her assigning, namely, the dark mischief-making of a dwarf or goblin who had strayed from his unearthly master and attached himself as page to a human household. The subject fell in with the poet's reigning taste for strong supernaturalism. Gilpin Horner, the goblin page, though he proved in the sequel a difficult character to put to poetic uses, was a figure grotesque and eerie enough to appeal even to Monk Lewis. At first Scott thought of treating the subject in ballad-form, but the scope of treatment was gradually enlarged by several circumstances. To begin with, he chanced upon a copy of Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen*, and the history of that robber baron suggested to him the feasibility of throwing the same vivid light upon the old Border life of his ancestors as Goethe had thrown upon that of the Rhine barons. This led him to subordinate the part played by the goblin page in the proposed story, which was now widened to include elaborate pictures of mediæval life and manners, and to lay the scene in the castle of Branksome, formerly the

stronghold of Scott's and the Duke of Buccleugh's ancestors. The verse form into which the story was thrown was due to a still more accidental circumstance, i. e., Scott's overhearing Sir John Stoddard recite a fragment of Coleridge's unpublished poem *Christabel*. The placing of the story in the mouth of an old harper fallen upon evil days, was a happy afterthought; besides making a beautiful framework for the main poem, it enabled the author to escape criticism for any violent innovations of style, since these could always be attributed to the rude and wild school of poetry to which the harper was supposed to belong. In these ways the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* gradually developed in its present form. Upon its publication in 1805, it achieved an immediate success. The vividness of its descriptive passages, the buoyant rush of its metre, the deep romantic glow suffusing all its pages, took by storm a public familiar to weariness with the decorous abstractions of the eighteenth century poets. The first edition, a sumptuous quarto, was exhausted in a few weeks; an octavo edition of fifteen hundred was sold out within the year; and before 1830, forty-four thousand copies were needed to supply the popular demand. Scott received in all something under eight hundred pounds for the *Lay*, a small amount when contrasted with his gains from subsequent poems, but a sum so unusual nevertheless that he determined

forthwith to devote as much time to literature as he could spare from his legal duties; those he still placed foremost, for until near the close of his life he clung to his adage that literature was "a good staff, but a poor crutch."

A year before the publication of the *Lay*, Scott had removed to the small country seat of Ashestiel, in Selkirkshire, seven miles from the nearest town, Selkirk, and several miles from any neighbor. In the introductions to the various cantos of *Marmion* he has given us a delightful picture of Ashestiel and its surroundings,—the swift Glenkinnon dashing through the estate in a deep ravine, on its way to join the Tweed; behind the house the rising hills beyond which lay the lovely scenery of the Yarrow. The eight years (1804–1812) at Ashestiel were the serenest, and probably the happiest, of Scott's life. Here he wrote his two greatest poems, *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake*. His mornings he spent at his desk, always with a faithful hound at his feet watching the tireless hand as it threw off sheet after sheet of manuscript to make up the day's stint. By one o'clock he was, as he said, "his own man," free to spend the remaining hours of light with his children, his horses, and his dogs, or to indulge himself in his life-long passion for tree-planting. His robust and healthy nature made him excessively fond of all out-of-door sports, especially riding, in which he was daring to foolhardiness. It is a curious fact, noted by Lockhart,

that many of Scott's senses were blunt; he could scarcely, for instance, tell one wine from another by the taste, and once sat quite unconscious at his table while his guests were manifesting extreme uneasiness over the approach of a too-long-kept haunch of venison, but his sight was unusually keen, as his hunting exploits proved. His little son once explained his father's popularity by saying that "it was him that commonly saw the hare sitting." What with hunting, fishing, salmon-spearing by torchlight, gallops over the hills into the Yarrow country, planting and transplanting of his beloved trees, Scott's life at Ashestiel, during the hours when he was "his own man," was a very full and happy one.

Unfortunately, he had already embarked in an enterprise which was destined to overthrow his fortunes just when they seemed fairest. While at school in Kelso he had become intimate with a school fellow named James Ballantyne, and later, when Ballantyne set up a small printing house in Kelso, he had given him his earliest poems to print. After the issue of the *Border Minstrelsy*, the typographical excellence of which attracted attention even in London, he set Ballantyne up in business in Edinburgh, secretly entering the firm himself as silent partner. The good sale of the *Lay* had given the firm an excellent start; but more matter was presently needed to feed the press. To supply it, Scott undertook and completed at

Ashestiel four enormous tasks of editing,—the complete works of Dryden and of Swift, the Somers' Tracts, and the Sadler State Papers. The success of these editions, and the subsequent enormous sale of Scott's poems and novels, would have kept the concern solvent in spite of Ballantyne's complete incapacity for business, but in 1809 Scott plunged recklessly into another and more serious venture. A dispute with Constable, the veteran publisher and bookseller, aggravated by the harsh criticism delivered upon *Marmion* by Francis Jeffrey, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, Constable's magazine, determined Scott to set up in connection with the Ballantyne press a rival bookselling concern, and a rival magazine, to be called the *Quarterly Review*. The project was a daring one, in view of Constable's great ability and resources; to make it foolhardy to madness Scott selected to manage the new business a brother of James Ballantyne, a dissipated little buffoon, with about as much business ability and general calibre of character as is connoted by the name which Scott coined for him, "Rigdumfunnidos." The selection of such a man for such a place betrays in Scott's eminently sane and balanced mind a curious strain of impracticality, to say the least; indeed, we are almost constrained to feel with his harsher critics that it betrays something worse than defective judgment,—defective character. His greatest failing, if failing it can be called, was

pride. He could not endure even the mild dictations of a competent publisher, as is shown by his answer to a letter written by one of them proposing some salaried work; he replied curtly that he was a "black Hussar" of literature, and not to be put to such tame service. Probably this haughty dislike of dictation, this imperious desire to patronize rather than be patronized, led him to choose inferior men with whom to enter into business relations. If so, he paid for the fault so dearly that it is hard for a biographer to press the issue against him.

For the present, however, the wind of fortune was blowing fair, and all the storm clouds were below the horizon. In 1808 *Marmion* appeared, and was greeted with an enthusiasm which made the unprecedented reception of the *Lay* seem lukewarm in comparison. *Marmion* contains nothing which was not plainly foreshadowed in the *Lay*, but the hand of the poet has grown more sure, his descriptive effects are less crude and amateurish, the narrative proceeds with a steadier march, the music has gained in volume and in martial vigor. An anecdote is told by Mr. Hutton which will serve as a type of a hundred others illustrative of the extraordinary hold which this poetry took upon the minds of ordinary men. "I have heard," he says, "of two old men—complete strangers—passing each other on a dark London night, when one of them happened to be repeating to himself, just as

Campbell did to the hackney coachmen of the North Bridge of Edinburgh, the last lines of the account of Flodden Field in *Marmion*, 'Charge, Chester, charge,' when suddenly a reply came out of the darkness, 'On, Stanley, on,' whereupon they finished the death of *Marmion* between them, took off their hats to each other, and parted, laughing." The *Lady of the Lake*, which followed in little more than a year, was received with the same popular delight, and with even greater respect on the part of the critics. Even the formidable Jeffrey, who was supposed to dine off slaughtered authors as the Giant in Jack and the Beanstalk dined off young Englishmen, keyed his voice to unwonted praise. The influx of tourists into the Trossachs, where the scene of the poem was laid, was so great as seriously to embarrass the mail coaches, until at last the posting charges had to be raised in order to diminish the traffic. Far away in Spain, at a trying moment of the Peninsular campaign, Sir Adam Ferguson, posted on a point of ground exposed to the enemy's fire, read to his men as they lay prostrate on the ground the passage from the *Lady of the Lake* describing the combat between Roderick Dhu's Highlanders and the forces of the Earl of Mar; and "the listening soldiers only interrupted him by a joyous huzza when the French shot struck the bank close above them." Such tributes—and they were legion—to the power of his poetry to move adventurous and

hardy men, must have been intoxicating to Scott; there is small wonder that the success of his poems gave him, as he says, "such a *heeze* as almost lifted him off his feet."

III

Scott's modesty was not in danger, but so far as his prudence was concerned, his success did really lift him off his feet. In 1812, still more encouraged thereto by entering upon the emoluments of the office of Clerk of Sessions, the duties of which he had performed for six years without pay, he purchased Abbotsford, an estate on the Tweed, adjoining that of the Duke of Buccleugh, his kinsman, and near the beautiful ruins of Melrose Abbey. Here he began to carry out the dream of his life, to found a territorial family which should augment the power and fame of his clan. Beginning with a modest farm house and a farm of a hundred acres, he gradually bought, planted, and built, until the farm became a manorial domain and the farm house a castle. He had not gone far in this work before he began to realize that the returns from his poetry would never suffice to meet such demands as would thus be made upon his purse. Byron's star was in the ascendant, and before its baleful magnificence Scott's milder and more genial light visibly paled. He was himself the first to declare, with characteristic generosity,

that the younger poet had "bet"[1] him at his own craft. As Carlyle says, "he had held the sovereignty for some half-score of years, a comparatively long lease of it, and now the time seemed come for dethronement, for abdication. An unpleasant business; which, however, he held himself ready, as a brave man will, to transact with composure and in silence."

But, as it proved, there was no need for resignation. The reign of metrical romance, brilliant but brief, was past, or nearly so. But what of prose romance, which long ago, in picking out *Don Quixote* from the puzzling Spanish, he had promised himself he would one day attempt? With some such questioning of the Fates, Scott drew from his desk the sheets of a story begun seven years before, and abandoned because of the success of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. This story he now completed, and published as *Waverley* in the spring of 1814,—an event "memorable in the annals of British literature; in the annals of British bookselling thrice and four times memorable." The popularity of the metrical romances dwindled to insignificance before the enthusiasm with which this prose romance was received. A moment before quietly resolved to give up his place in the world's eye, and to live the life of an obscure country gentleman, Scott found himself launched once more on the tide of brave fortunes.

[1] Bested, got the better of.

The Ballantyne publishing and printing houses ceased to totter, and settled themselves on what seemed the firmest of foundations. At Abbotsford, buying, planting, and building began on a greater scale than had ever been planned in its owner's most sanguine moments.

The history of the next eleven years in Scott's life is the history, on the one hand, of the rapidly-appearing novels, of a fame gradually spreading outward from Great Britain until it covered the civilized world,—a fame increased rather than diminished by the *incognito* which the "author of *Waverley*" took great pains to preserve even after the secret had become an open one; on the other hand, of the large-hearted, hospitable life at Abbotsford, where, in spite of the importunities of curious and ill-bred tourists, bent on getting a glimpse of the "Wizard of the North," and in spite of the enormous mass of work, literary and official, which Scott took upon himself to perform, the atmosphere of country leisure and merriment was somehow miraculously preserved. This life of the hearty prosperous country laird was the one toward the realization of which all Scott's efforts were directed; it is worth while, therefore, to see as vividly as may be, what kind of life that was, that we may the better understand what kind of man he was who cared for it. The following extract from Lockhart's *Life of Scott* gives us at least one very characteristic aspect of the Abbotsford world:

"It was a clear, bright September morning, with a sharpness in the air that doubled the animating influence of the sunshine; and all was in readiness for a grand coursing-match on Newark Hill. The only guest who had chalked out other sport for himself was the staunchest of anglers, Mr. Rose; but he, too, was there on his *shelty*, armed with his salmon-rod and landing-net. . . . This little group of Waltonians, bound for Lord Somerville's preserve, remained lounging about, to witness the start of the main cavalcade. Sir Walter, mounted on Sibyl, was marshalling the order of procession with a huge hunting-whip; and among a dozen frolicsome youths and maidens, who seemed disposed to laugh at all discipline, appeared, each on horseback, each as eager as the youngest sportsman in the troop, Sir Humphrey Davy, Dr. Wollaston, and the patriarch of Scottish belles-lettres, Henry Mackenzie. . . . Ladlaw (the steward of Abbotsford) on a strong-tailed wiry Highlander, yclept Hoddin Grey, which carried him nimbly and stoutly, although his feet almost touched the ground, was the adjutant. But the most picturesque figure was the illustrious inventor of the safety-lamp (Sir Humphrey Davy) . . . a brown hat with flexible brim, surrounded with line upon line of catgut, and innumerable fly-hooks; jack-boots worthy of a Dutch smuggler, and a fustian surtout dabbled with the blood of salmon, made a fine contrast with the smart jacket, white-cord breeches, and well-polished jockey-boots of the less distinguished cavaliers about him. Dr. Wollaston was in black; and with his noble serene dignity of countenance might have passed for a sporting archbishop. Mr. Mackenzie, at this time in the seventy-sixth year of his age, with a hat turned up

with green, green spectacles, green jacket, and long brown leathern gaiters buttoned upon his nether anatomy, wore a dog-whistle round his neck. . . Tom Purdie (one of Scott's servants) and his subalterns had preceded us by a few hours with all the grey-hounds that could be collected at Abbotsford, Darnick, and Melrose; but the giant Maida had remained as his master's orderly, and now gambolled about Sibyl Grey, barking for mere joy like a spaniel puppy.

"The order of march had all been settled, when Scott's daughter Anne broke from the line, screaming with laughter, and exclaimed, 'Papa, papa, I knew you could never think of going without your pet!' Scott looked round, and I rather think there was a blush as well as a smile upon his face, when he perceived a little black pig frisking about his pony, evidently a self-elected addition to the party of the day. He tried to look stern, and cracked his whip at the creature, but was in a moment obliged to join in the general cheers. Poor piggy soon found a strap round its neck, and was dragged into the background; Scott, watching the retreat, repeated with mock pathos the first verse of an old pastoral song—

> 'What will I do gin my hoggie die?
> My joy, my pride, my hoggie!
> My only beast, I had na mae,
> And wow, but I was vogie!'

—the cheers were redoubled—and the squadron moved on."

Let us supplement this with one more picture, from the same hand, showing Scott in a little more intimate light. The passage was written in 1821, after Lockhart had married Scott's eldest daughter,

and gone to spend the summer at Chiefswood, a cottage on the Abbotsford estate:

"We were near enough Abbotsford to partake as often as we liked of its brilliant and constantly varying society; yet could do so without being exposed to the worry and exhaustion of spirit which the daily reception of new-comers entailed upon all the family, except Scott himself. But in truth, even he was not always proof against the annoyances connected with such a style of open house-keeping. . . . When sore beset at home in this way, he would every now and then discover that he had some very particular business to attend to on an outlying part of his estate, and craving the indulgence of his guests overnight, appear at the cabin in the glen before its inhabitants were astir in the morning. The clatter of Sibyl Grey's hoofs, the yelping of Mustard and Spice, and his own joyous shout of *réveillée* under our windows, were the signal that he had burst his toils, and meant for that day to 'take his ease in his inn.' On descending, he was found to be seated with all his dogs and ours about him, under a spreading ash that overshadowed half the bank between the cottage and the brook, pointing the edge of his woodman's axe, and listening to Tom Purdie's lecture touching the plantation that most needed thinning. After breakfast he would take possession of a dressing-room upstairs, and write a chapter of *The Pirate*; and then, having made up and despatched his packet for Mr. Ballantyne, away to join Purdie wherever the foresters were at work . . . until it was time to rejoin his own party at Abbotsford, or the quiet circle of the cottage. When his guests were few and friendly, he often

made them come over and meet him at Chiefswood in a body towards evening. . . . He was ready with all sorts of devices to supply the wants of a narrow establishment; he used to delight particularly in sinking the wine in a well under the *brae* ere he went out, and hauling up the basket just before dinner was announced,—this primitive device being, he said, what he had always practised when a young housekeeper, and in his opinion far superior in its results to any application of ice; and in the same spirit, whenever the weather was sufficiently genial, he voted for dining out of doors altogether."

Few events of importance except the successive appearances of "our buiks," as Tom Purdie called his master's novels, and an occasional visit to London or the continent, intervened to break the busy monotony of this Abbotsford life. On one of these visits to London, Scott was invited to dine with the Prince Regent, and when the prince became King George IV., in 1820, almost the first act of his reign was to create Scott a baronet. Scott accepted the honor gratefully, as coming, he said, "from the original source of all honor." There can well be two opinions as to whether this least admirable of English kings constituted a very prime fountain of honor, judged by democratic standards; but to Scott's mind, such an imputation would have been next to sacrilege. The feudal bias of his mind, strong to start with, had been strengthened by his long sojourn among the visions of a feudal past; the ideals of feudalism were living

realities to him; and he accepted knighthood from his king's hand in exactly the same spirit which determined his attitude of humility towards his "chief," the Duke of Buccleugh, and which impelled him to exhaust his genius in the effort to build up a great family estate.

There were already signs that the enormous burden of work under which he seemed to move so lightly, was telling on him. *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *The Legend of Montrose*, and *Ivanhoe*, had all of them been dictated between screams of pain, wrung from his lips by a chronic cramp of the stomach. By the time he reached *Redgauntlet* and *St. Ronan's Well*, there began to be heard faint murmurings of discontent from his public, hints that he was writing too fast, and that the noble wine he had poured them for so long was growing at last a trifle watery. To add to these causes of uneasiness, the commercial ventures in which he was interested drifted again into a precarious state. He had himself fallen into the bad habit of forestalling the gains from his novels by heavy drafts on his publishers, and the example thus set was followed faithfully by John Ballantyne. Scott's good humor and his partner's bad judgment saddled the concern with a lot of unsalable books. In 1818 the affairs of the book-selling business had to be closed up, Constable taking over the unsalable stock and assuming the outstanding liabilities in return for copyright privileges cover'ng some of Scott's

novels. This so burdened the veteran publisher that when, in 1825, a large London firm failed, it carried him down also—and with him James Ballantyne, with whom he had entered into close relations. Scott's secret connection with Ballantyne had continued; accordingly he woke up one fine day to find himself worse than beggared, being personally liable for one hundred and thirty thousand pounds.

IV

The years intervening between this calamity and Scott's death form one of the saddest and at the same time most heroic chapters in the history of literature. The fragile health of Lady Scott succumbed almost immediately to the crushing blow, and she died in a few months. Scott surrendered Abbotsford to his creditors and took up humble lodgings in Edinburgh. Here, with a pride and stoical courage as quiet as it was splendid, he settled down to fill with the earnings of his pen the vast gulf of debt for which he was morally scarcely responsible at all. In three years he wrote *Woodstock*, three *Chronicles of the Canongate*, the *Fair Maid of Perth*, *Anne of Geierstein*, the first series of the *Tales of a Grandfather*, and a *Life of Napoleon*, equal to thirteen volumes of novel size, besides editing and annotating a complete edition of his own works. All these together netted his creditors £40,000. Touched by the efforts he was

making to settle their claims, they now presented him with Abbotsford, and thither he returned to spend the few years remaining to him. In 1830 he suffered a first stroke of paralysis; refusing to give up, however, he made one more desperate rally to recapture his old power of story-telling. *Count Robert of Paris* and *Castle Dangerous* were the pathetic result; they are not to be taken into account in any estimate of his powers, for they are manifestly the work of a paralytic patient. The gloomy picture is darkened by an incident which illustrates strikingly one phase of Scott's character.

The great Reform Bill was being discussed throughout Scotland, menacing what were really abuses, but what Scott, with his intense conservatism, believed to be sacred and inviolable institutions. The dying man roused himself to make a stand against the abominable bill. In a speech which he made at Jedburgh, he was hissed and hooted by the crowd, and he left the town with the dastardly cry of "Burk Sir Walter!" ringing in his ears.

Nature now intervened to ease the intolerable strain. Scott's anxiety concerning his debt gradually gave way to an hallucination that it had all been paid. His friends took advantage of the quietude which followed to induce him to make the journey to Italy, in the fear that the severe winter of Scotland would prove fatal. A ship of His Majesty's fleet was put at his disposal, and he set

sail for Malta. The youthful adventurousness of the man flared up again oddly for a moment, when he insisted on being set ashore upon a volcanic island in the Mediterranean which had appeared but a few days before and which sank beneath the surface shortly after. The climate of Malta at first appeared to benefit him; but when he heard, one day, of the death of Goethe at Weimar, he seemed seized with a sudden apprehension of his own end, and insisted upon hurrying back through Europe, in order that he might look once more on Abbotsford. On the ride from Edinburgh he remained for the first two stages entirely unconscious. But as the carriage entered the valley of the Gala he opened his eyes and murmured the name of objects as they passed, "Gala water, surely,—Buckholm,—Torwoodlee." When the towers of Abbotsford came in view, he was so filled with delight that he could scarcely be restrained from leaping out. At the gates he greeted faithful Laidlaw in a voice strong and hearty as of old: "Why, man, how often I have thought of you!" and smiled and wept over the dogs who came rushing as in bygone times to lick his hand. He died a few days later, on the afternoon of a glorious autumn day, with all the windows open, so that he might catch to the last the whisper of the Tweed over its pebbles.

"And so," says Carlyle, "the curtain falls; and the strong Walter Scott is with us no more. A

possession from him does remain; widely scattered; yet attainable; not inconsiderable. It can be said of him, when he departed, he took a Man's life along with him. No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of Time. Alas, his fine Scotch face, with its shaggy honesty, sagacity and goodness, when we saw it latterly on the Edinburgh streets, was all worn with care, the joy all fled from it;—ploughed deep with labour and sorrow. We shall never forget it; we shall never see it again. Adieu, Sir Walter, pride of all Scotchmen, take our proud and sad farewell."

II. SCOTT'S PLACE IN THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT

In order rightly to appreciate the poetry of Scott it is necessary to understand something of that remarkable "Romantic Movement" which took place toward the end of the eighteenth century, and within a space of twenty-five years completely changed the face of English literature. Both the causes and the effects of this movement were much more than merely literary; the "romantic revival" penetrated every crevice and ramification of life in those parts of Europe which it affected; its social, political, and religious results were all deeply significant. But we must here confine ourselves to such aspects of the revival as showed themselves in English poetry.

Eighteenth century poetry had been distinguished by its polish, its formal correctness, or—to use a term in much favor with critics of that day—its "elegance." The various and wayward metrical effects of the Elizabethan and Jacobean poets, had been discarded for a few well-recognized verse forms, which themselves in turn had become still further limited by the application to them of precise rules of structure. Hand in hand with this restricting process in metre, had gone a similar

tendency in diction. The simple, concrete phrases of daily speech had given way to stately periphrases; the rich and riotous vocabulary of earlier poetry had been replaced by one more decorous, measured, and high-sounding. A corresponding process of selection and exclusion was applied to the subject matter of poetry. Passion, lyric exaltation, delight in the concrete life of man and nature, passed out of fashion; in their stead came social satire, criticism, generalized observation. While the classical influence, as it is usually called, was at its height, with such men as Dryden and Pope to exemplify it, it did a great work; but toward the end of the eighth decade of the eighteenth century it had visibly run to seed. The feeble Hayley, the silly Della Crusca, the arid Erasmus Darwin, were its only exemplars. England was ripe for a literary revolution, a return to nature and to passion; and such a revolution was not slow in coming.

It announced itself first in George Crabbe, who turned to paint the life of the poor with patient realism; in Burns, who poured out in his songs the passion of love, the passion of sorrow, the passion of conviviality; in Blake, who tried to reach across the horizon of visible fact to mystical heavens of more enduring reality. Following close upon these men came the four poets destined to accomplish the revolution which the early comers had begun. They were born within four years of each other, Wordsworth in 1770, Scott in 1771, Coleridge in

1772, Southey in 1774. As we look at these four men now, and estimate their worth as poets, we see that Southey drops almost out of the account, and that Wordsworth and Coleridge stand, so far as the highest qualities of poetry go, far above Scott, as, indeed, Blake and Burns do also. But the contemporary judgment upon them was directly the reverse; and Scott's poetry exercised an influence over his age immeasurably greater than that of any of the other three. Let us attempt to discover what qualities this poetry possessed which gave it its astonishing hold upon the age when it was written. In so doing, we may discover indirectly some of the reasons why it still retains a large portion of its popularity, and perhaps arrive at some grounds of judgment by which we may test its right thereto.

One reason why Scott's poetry was immediately welcomed, while that of Wordsworth and of Coleridge lay neglected, is to be found in the fact that in the matter of diction Scott was much less revolutionary than they. By nature and education he was conservative; he put the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* into the mouth of a rude harper of the North in order to shield himself from the charge of "attempting to set up a new school in poetry," and he never throughout his life violated the conventions, literary or social, if he could possibly avoid doing so. This bias toward conservatism and conventionality shows itself particularly in the

language of his poems. He was compelled, of course, to use much more concrete and vivid terms than the eighteenth century poets had used, because he was dealing with much more concrete and vivid matter; but his language, nevertheless, has a prevailing stateliness, and at times an artificiality, which recommended it to readers tired of the inanities of Hayley and Mason, but unwilling to accept the startling simplicity and concreteness of diction exemplified by the Lake poets at their best.

Another peculiarity of Scott's poetry which made powerfully for its popularity, was its spirited metre. People were weary of the heroic couplet, and turned eagerly to these hurried verses, that went on their way with the sharp tramp of moss-troopers, and heated the blood like a drum. The metres of Coleridge, subtle, delicate, and poignant, had been passed by with indifference,—had not been heard perhaps, for lack of ears trained to hear; but Scott's metrical effects were such as a child could appreciate, and a soldier could carry in his head.

Analogous to this treatment of metre, though belonging to a less formal side of his art, was Scott's treatment of nature, the landscape setting of his stories. Perhaps the most obvious feature of the romantic revival was a reawakening of interest in out-door nature. It was as if for a hundred years past people had been stricken blind as soon as they passed from the city streets into

the country. A trim garden, an artfully placed country house, a well-kept preserve, they might see; but for the great shaggy world of mountain and sea—it had been shut out of man's elegant vision. Before Scott began to write there had been no lack of prophets of the new nature-worship, but none of them of a sort to catch the general ear. Wordsworth's pantheism was too mystical, too delicate and intuitive, to recommend itself to any but chosen spirits; Crabbe's descriptions were too minute, Coleridge's too intense, to please. Scott was the first to paint nature with a broad, free touch, without raptures or philosophizing, but with a healthy pleasure in its obvious beauties, such as appeal to average men. His "scenery" seldom exists for its own sake, but serves, as it should, for background and setting of his story. As his readers followed the fortunes of William of Deloraine or Roderick Dhu, they traversed by sunlight and by moonlight landscapes of wild romantic charm, and felt their beauty quite naturally, as a part of the excitement of that wild life. They felt it the more readily because of a touch of artificial stateliness in the handling, a slight theatrical heightening of effect—from an absolute point of view a defect, but highly congenial to the taste of the time. It was the scenic side of nature which Scott gave, and gave inimitably, while Burns was piercing to the inner heart of her tenderness in his lines *To a Mountain Daisy*,

and *To a Mouse*, while Wordsworth was mystically communing with her soul, in his *Tintern Abbey*. It was the scenic side of nature for which the perceptions of men were ripe; so they left profounder poets to their musings, and followed after the poet who could give them a brilliant story set in a brilliant scene.

Again, the emotional element of Scott's poetry was on a comprehensible plane. The situations with which he deals, the passions, ambitions, satisfactions, which he portrays, belong, in one form or another, to all men, or at least are easily grasped by the imaginations of all men. It has often been said that Scott is the most Homeric of English poets; so far as the claim rests on considerations of style, it is hardly to be granted, for nothing could be farther than the hurrying torrent of Scott's verse from the "long and refluent music" of Homer. But in this other respect, that he deals in the rudimentary stuff of human character in a straightforward way, without a hint of modern complexities and super-subtleties, he is really akin to the master poet of antiquity. This, added to the crude wild life which he pictures, the vigorous sweep of his action, the sincere glow of romance which bathes his story—all so tonic in their effect upon minds long used to the stuffy decorum of didactic poetry, completed the triumph of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, and the *Lady of the Lake*, over their age.

As has been already suggested, Scott cannot be put in the first rank of poets. No compromise can be made on this point, because upon it the whole theory of poetry depends. Neither on the formal nor on the essential sides of his art is he among the small company of the supreme. And no one understood this better than himself. He touched the keynote of his own power, though with too great modesty, when he said, "I am sensible that if there is anything good about my poetry . . . . it is a hurried frankness of composition which pleases soldiers, sailors, and young people of bold and active dispositions." The poet Campbell, who was so fascinated by Scott's ballad of *Cadyow Castle* that he used to repeat it aloud on the North Bridge of Edinburgh until "the whole fraternity of coachmen knew him by tongue as he passed," characterizes the predominant charm of Scott's poetry as lying in a "strong, pithy eloquence," which is perhaps only another name for "hurried frankness of composition." If this is not the highest quality to which poetry can attain, it is a very admirable one; and it will be a sad day for the English-speaking race when there shall not be found persons of every age and walk of life, to take the same delights in these stirring poems as their author loved to think was taken by "soldiers, sailors, and young people of bold and active dispositions."

III. THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

The form of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* was largely determined by Scott's reading of the old metrical romances of the Middle Ages. These long verse narratives were immensely popular for a period of several centuries, and came in time to form great cycles of poems devoted to the exploits of single heroes or heroic groups. One cycle, for example, was devoted to Charlemagne and his paladins, another to King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, another to the history of Troy and the heroes surviving from the Trojan War. Scott, familiar with these romances from boyhood, was fascinated by their bright color, their wealth of incident, and the ingenuous prattling stream of their story. When he came to write his first long poem it was natural for him to turn to this form. The chief difference between the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* and the early metrical romances lies in the fact that in it the art of the poet is no longer ingenuous, but has become self-conscious: in consequence, the story has a firmer outline, moves more steadily, and is developed with a greater wealth and harmony of descriptive detail.

For the division of the verse, also, into stanzas of irregular length and structure, Scott had a precedent, — an odd one under the circumstances, —

namely, the eighteenth century ode. The ode form, developed by Abraham Cowley in his so-called *Pindaric Odes* and later exemplified by Dryden in his *Alexander's Feast*, was almost the only escape offered to the poet of the classical period from the tyranny of the heroic couplet. Its chief peculiarities were its constantly varying line-and-stanza-length, its shifting metre and rhyme. All these Scott took advantage of. As for the metre itself, the hint which he received from Coleridge's *Christabel* was of the utmost importance. Coleridge had attempted what he held to be a wholly new kind of metre, in which the beats or accents, though of uniform number in each line, were freely distributed through the line, according to the demands made by the sense, without regard to regularity of recurrence. Scott was still less consistent than Coleridge in following out the theory, but the hint was nevertheless useful in enabling him to detach himself more completely than might otherwise have been possible, from the fetters of the classical versification. By the vigor of his metrical changes, the exhilarating freedom and crispness of his versification, he made up in part for his lack of subtlety in handling the line of free accent.

The framework in which, by a happy afterthought, Scott set his *Lay*, has always been much admired. An ancient minstrel of the Border, fallen upon the evil days of the closing seventeenth

century, when the breaking up of old feudal institutions conspired with the harsh laws enacted under the Commonwealth to strip the minstrel of his ancient honors, begs shelter at the castle of Anne, the widowed Duchess of Buccleugh and Monmouth. Being kindly received, he volunteers to sing before the Duchess and her court a tale of the "old warriors of Buccleugh," and proceeds to narrate a series of events supposed to be connected with the history of the house of Buccleugh some century and a half previously, when the widow of Sir Walter Scott of Buccleugh held the Border fortress of Branksome (or Branxholm) Hall. At the beginning and end of each canto, the poet recurs to the old minstrel, and describes his emotions, in such a way as to form a kind of arabesque framework wreathing the story proper. It has been already stated that the *Lay* was written at the direct request of the Countess of Dalkeith, a descendant of the Duchess before whom the old minstrel is supposed to sing. In a sense, therefore, we may say that under the figure of the Last Minstrel, Scott meant to represent himself, and under that of the widowed duchess, the young wife of his "chief." It is not difficult, indeed, to find touches in these passages which seem to have an autobiographical intention.

Before commenting upon the structure of the poem proper, it will be useful to have before us a brief summary of the story. A better one could

hardly be given than that which appeared in the original review of the *Lay*, written by the famous critic Francis Jeffrey, for the *Edinburgh Review*, April, 1805:

"Sir Walter Scott of Buccleugh, the Lord of Branksome, was slain in a skirmish with the Carrs, about the middle of the sixteenth century. He left a daughter of matchless beauty (the Lady Margaret), an infant son, and a high-minded widow, who, though a very virtuous and devout person, was privately addicted to the study of Magic, in which she had been initiated by her father. Lord Cranstoun, their neighbour, was at feud with the whole clan of Scott; but had fallen desperately in love with the daughter, who returned his passion with equal sincerity and ardour, though withheld, by her duty to her mother, from uniting her destiny with his. The poem opens with a description of the warlike establishment of Branksome-hall; and the first incident which occurs is a dialogue between the *spirits* of the adjoining mountain and river, who, after consulting the stars, declare that no good fortune can ever bless the mansion 'till pride be quelled and love be free.' The lady, whose forbidden studies had taught her to understand the language of such speakers, overhears this conversation; and vows, if possible, to retain her purpose in spite of it. She calls a gallant knight of her train, therefore, and directs him to ride immediately to the Abbey of Melrose, and there to ask, from the monk of St. Mary's aisle, the mighty book that was hid in the tomb of the wizard Michael Scott. The remainder of the first canto is occupied with the night journey of the warrior. When he delivers his

message, the monk appears filled with consternation and terror, but leads him at last through many galleries and chapels, to the spot where the wizard was interred; and, after some account of his life and character, the warrior heaves up the tombstone, and is dazzled by the streaming splendour of an ever-burning lamp, which illuminates the sepulchre of the enchanter. With trembling hand he takes the book from the side of the deceased, and hurries home with it in his bosom.

"In the meantime, Lord Cranstoun and the lovely Margaret have met at dawn in the woods adjacent to the castle, and are repeating their vows of true love, when they are startled by the approach of a horseman. The lady retreats; and the lover advancing, finds it to be the messenger from Branksome, with whom, as an hereditary enemy, he thinks it necessary to enter immediately into combat. The poor knight, fatigued with his nocturnal adventures, is dismounted at the first shock, and falls desperately wounded to the ground; while Lord Cranstoun, relenting toward the kinsman of his beloved, directs his page to attend him (i. e., the wounded knight) to the castle, and gallops home before any alarm can be given. Lord Cranstoun's page is something unearthly. It is a little misshapen dwarf, whom he found one day when he was hunting, in a solitary glen, and took home with him. It never speaks, except now and then to cry 'Lost! lost! lost!' and is, on the whole, a hateful, malicious little urchin, with no one good quality but his unaccountable attachment and fidelity to his master. This personage, on approaching the wounded Borderer, discovers the mighty book in his bosom, which he finds some difficulty in open-

ing, and has scarcely had time to read a single spell in it, when he is struck down by an invisible hand, and the clasps of the magic volume shut suddenly more closely than ever. This one spell, however, enables him to practise every kind of illusion. He lays the wounded knight on his horse, and leads him into the castle, while the warders see nothing but a wain of hay. He throws him down, unperceived, at the door of the lady's chamber, and turns to make good his retreat. In passing through the court, however, he sees the young heir of Buccleugh at play, and, assuming the form of one of his companions, tempts him to go out with him to the woods, where, as soon as they pass a rivulet, he resumes his own shape, and bounds away. The bewildered child is met by two English archers, who make prize of him, and carry him off, while the goblin page returns to the castle; where he personates the young baron, to the great annoyance of all the inhabitants.

"The lady finds the wounded knight, and eagerly employs charms for his recovery, that she may learn the story of his disaster. The lovely Margaret, in the meantime, is sitting in her turret, gazing on the western stars, and musing on the scenes of the morning, when she discovers the blazing beacons which announce the approach of an English enemy. The alarm is immediately given, and bustling preparation made throughout the mansion for defence. The English force, under the command of the Lords Howard and Dacre, speedily appears before the castle, leading with them the young Buccleugh; and propose that the lady should either give up Sir William of Deloraine (who had been her messenger to Melrose), as having incurred the guilt of march

treason, or receive an English garrison within her walls. She answers, with much spirit, that her kinsman will clear himself of the imputation of treason by single combat, and that no foe shall ever get admittance into her fortress. The English lords, being secretly apprised of the approach of powerful succours to the besieged, agree to the proposal of the combat; and stipulate that the boy shall be restored to liberty, or retained in bondage, according to the issue of the battle. The lists are appointed for the ensuing day; and a truce being proclaimed in the meantime, the opposite bands mingle in hospitality and friendship.

"Deloraine being wounded, was expected to appear by proxy of a champion; and some contention arises for the honour of that substitution. This, however, is speedily terminated by a person in the armour of the warrior himself, who encounters the English champion, slays him, and leads the captive young chieftain to the embraces of his mother. At this moment Deloraine himself appears, half-clothed and unarmed, to claim the combat which has been terminated in his absence; and all flock round the stranger who had personated him so successfully. He unclasps his helmet; and behold! Lord Cranstoun of Teviotside! The lady, overcome with gratitude, and the remembrance of the spirits' prophecy, consents to forego the feud, and to give the fair hand of Margaret to that of the enamoured Baron. The rites of betrothment are then celebrated with great magnificence; and a splendid entertainment given to all the English and Scottish chieftains whom the alarm had assembled at Branksome. Lord Cranstoun's page plays several unlucky tricks during the festival, and breeds some dissension

among the warriors. To soothe their ireful mood, the minstrels are introduced, who recite three ballad pieces of considerable merit. Just as their songs are ended, a supernatural darkness spreads itself through the hall; a tremendous flash of lightning and peal of thunder ensue, which break just on the spot where the goblin page had been seated. He is heard to cry 'Found! found! found!' and is no more to be seen, when the darkness clears away. The whole party is chilled with terror at this extraordinary incident; and Deloraine protests that he distinctly saw the figure of the ancient wizard Michael Scott, in the middle of the lightning. The lady renounces forever the unhallowed study of magic; and all the chieftains, struck with awe and consternation, vow to make a pilgrimage to Melrose to implore rest and forgiveness for the spirit of the departed sorcerer. With the description of this ceremony the minstrel closes his 'Lay.'"

In connection with this summary Jeffrey made a criticism of the structure of the story which has served as a basis for almost all subsequent criticism of an adverse kind. He says:

"From this little sketch of the story, our readers will easily perceive that, however well calculated it may be for the introduction of picturesque imagery, or the display of extraordinary incident, it has but little pretension to the praise of a regular or coherent narrative. The magic of the lady, the midnight visit to Melrose, and the mighty book of the enchanter, which occupy nearly one-third of the whole poem, and engross the attention of the reader for a long time after the commencement of the narrative, are of no use whatsoever in the sub-

sequent development of the fable, and do not contribute, in any degree, either to the production or explanation of the incidents that follow. The whole character and proceedings of the goblin page, in like manner, may be considered as merely episodical; for though he is employed in some of the subordinate incidents, it is remarkable that no material part of the fable requires the intervention of supernatural agency. The young Buccleugh might have wandered into the wood, although he had not been decoyed by a goblin; and the dame might have given her daughter to the deliverer of her son, although she had never listened to the prattlement of the river and mountain spirits. There is, besides all this, a great deal of gratuitous and digressive description, and the whole sixth canto may be said to be redundant. The story should naturally end with the union of the lovers; and the account of the feast, and the minstrelsy that solemnized their betrothal, is a sort of epilogue, super-added after the catastrophe is complete."

It is impossible, however, to agree with this sweeping condemnation of the structure of the story. It is the lady's gift of magic that enables her to understand the warning voices of the spirits, and induces her to despatch Deloraine after the wizard's book, in order that she may by its powerful aid, frustrate the prophecy concerning the evil which will rest upon the house of Branksome until "pride be quelled and love be free." It is by the aid of the book that the goblin page is enabled to enter the castle unperceived, and lure forth the young heir to the woods; to say that the boy might

have wandered out of his own accord is merely to say that the incident could have been motived in another way, not that the way employed was weak or illegitimate. It is the page who, by means of the spell learned from the wizard's book, introduces Lord Cranstoun into the castle of his hereditary enemies, clothes him in the armor of the wounded Deloraine, and so brings about the culmination of the story, in the reconciliation of the lady with him, and his betrothal to Margaret. As to the redundant nature of the sixth canto, Jeffrey's criticism was perhaps better founded. The climax of the story, from a dramatic standpoint, is certainly reached at the end of the fifth canto. Yet the supernatural appearance of the wizard to claim the page as his strayed servant, affords a needed explanation of the origin of that mysterious imp of mischief; and the lady's renouncement of magic, and the pilgrimage of the lords for the repose of the wizard's soul, afford a solemn and stately ending to the whole piece.

Yet, while it is thus possible to show that the story was not carelessly put together, it is impossible not to feel that after all a certain incoherence exists. Scott started out to make the goblin page the chief figure of the poem, but both because of the vague and confused nature of the legend, and because of the greater charm which lay for the poet's mind in the historic realities of Border life, he was unable to do so. He humorously says in a

letter to Miss Seward on the subject, that the page "contrived (from the baseness of his natural propensities, I suppose,) to slink down stairs into the kitchen, and now he must e'en abide there." As a result of this shift of interest the story remains incoherent, in spite of the pains which the author took to join its parts together.

This lack of organic unity is further emphasized by the contrast in tone and spirit which exists between the natural and the supernatural elements of the poem. About all the latter there is an air of clap-trap, such as characterized Bürger's ballads and Monk Lewis's tales. The poet does not believe in the marvels he recites, and he signally fails to create an illusion in the mind of his readers. Against this false and garish supernaturalism those passages where Scott has clung closely to historical realism, as, for example, the description of the coming of Watt Tinlinn and his wife to the castle of Branksome, stand out in undue contrast. The fact is that Scott purposed to write a metrical romance of the kind whose naïveté and credulity had charmed him in his reading of the mediæval minstrels; but his mind, being of a healthy cast, was drawn off constantly to elaborate the natural daylight aspects of his story. Hence results a failure to harmonize his effects. The poem gives us, at one moment, Scott the translator of *Lenore*, at another, Scott the author of *Waverley;* it remains essentially a brilliant patchwork.

Another fact to be noted before we can approach the poem intelligently, is that Scott consciously heightened the rude Border life with which he dealt in the *Lay*, and gave it a ceremonial pomp and splendor which did not really belong to it. He was much too well read in Scotch history not to know that his description of the military establishment of Branksome Hall, or his account of the Tournament, threw a fictitious light of splendor over the life he dealt with. Whether or not this artificial heightening is a matter of regret, remains doubtful. Certainly we are inclined to think so when we notice the reality, the persuasive vividness, of the realistic passages, such as Deloraine's night ride, the preparations at Branksome to repel the English besieging force, or the coming of Watt Tinlinn to the castle. But, on the other hand, many of the stirring and memorable passages of the poem are in the heightened manner. The most famous among these is perhaps the description of Melrose Abbey by moonlight, a passage which everybody had by heart when the *Lay* was new. Less famous, though better, is the description of the approach of the English forces to Branksome:

Soon on the hill's steep verge he stood
That looks o'er Branksome's towers and wood;
And martial murmurs, from below,
Proclaimed the approaching southern foe.
Through the dark wood, in mingled tone,
Were Border pipes and bugles blown;
The courser's neighing he could ken,

A measured tread of marching men:
While broke at times the solemn hum,
The Almayn's sullen kettle-drum;
And banners tall, of crimson sheen,
Above the copse appear;
And glistening through the hawthorn green,
Shine helm, and shield, and spear.
Light forayers, first, to view the ground,
Spurred their fleet coursers loosely round;
Behind, in close array and fast,
The Kendal archers, all in green,
Obedient to the bugle blast,
Advancing from the wood were seen.
To back and guard the archer band,
Lord Dacre's bill-men were at hand:
A hardy race, on Irthing bred,
With kirtles white, and crosses red
Arrayed beneath the banner tall,
That streamed o'er Acre's conquered wall;
And minstrels, as they marched in order,
Played "Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the Border."
Behind the English bill and bow,
The mercenaries, firm and slow,
Moved on to fight, in dark array,
By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,
Who brought the band from distant Rhine,
And sold their blood for foreign pay.

. . . . . .

They were not armed like England's sons,
But bore the levin-darting guns;
Buff coats, all frounced and 'broidered o'er,
And morsing-horns and scarfs they wore;

. . . . . .

All as they marched, in rugged tongue,
Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung.

In such passages as this, Scott's poetic power is nearly at its height. He can make us feel the pomp and circumstance of war as very few poets have ever done, and under this external pomp and circumstance can make us feel the play of large, primitive passions, can evoke for us the living figures of bold and hardy men. Although there is less of this in the *Lay* than in most of Scott's longer poems, there is enough to preserve the work from the decay which would else have already overtaken it. The student's business should be to pick out among the unharmonized elements of the poem the sterling from the pinchbeck, and thereby to train his taste to distinguish everywhere in poetry between what is merely specious and what is indeed worthy.

INTRODUCTION

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His wither'd cheek, and tresses grey,
Seem'd to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry;
For well a day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppress'd,
Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroll'd light as lark at morn;
No longer courted and caress'd,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He pour'd to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger fill'd the Stuarts' throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had call'd his harmless art a crime.
A wandering Harper, scorn'd and poor,
He begg'd his bread from door to door;
And tuned to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

He pass'd where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh.
With hesitating step, at last,
The embattled portal arch he pass'd,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft roll'd back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess mark'd his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well:
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb.

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride:
And he began to talk anon,
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,
And of Earl Walter, rest him, God!
A braver ne'er to battle rode;
And how full many a tale he knew,
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch:
And, would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,

Though stiff his hand, his voice, though weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtain'd;
The Aged Minstrel audience gain'd.
But, when he reach'd the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wish'd his boon denied:
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease,
Which marks security to please;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain!
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls;
He had play'd it to King Charles the Good,
When he kept court in Holyrood;
And much he wish'd, yet fear'd to try
The long-forgotten melody.
Amid the strings his fingers stray'd,

And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled;
And lighten'd up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along:
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot:
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

CANTO FIRST

I

The feast was over in Branksome tower,
And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower;
Her bower that was guarded by word and by spell,
Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell—
Jesu Maria, shield us well!
No living wight, save the Ladye alone,
Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

II

The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all;
Knight, and page, and household squire,
Loiter'd through the lofty hall,
Or crowded round the ample fire:
The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,
Lay stretch'd upon the rushy floor,
And urged, in dreams, the forest race,
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor.

III

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome-Hall;
Nine-and-twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds to bower from stall;

Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
Waited, duteous, on them all:
They were all knights of metal true,
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

IV

Ten of them were sheath'd in steel,
With belted sword, and spur on heel:
They quitted not their harness bright,
Neither by day, not yet by night:
They lay down to rest,
With corslet laced,
Pillow'd on buckler cold and hard;
They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd.

V

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
Waited the beck of the warders ten;
Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
Stood saddled in stable day and night,
Barbed with frontlet of steel, I trow,
And with Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow;
A hundred more fed free in stall:—
Such was the custom of Branksome-Hall.

VI

Why do these steeds stand ready dight?
Why watch these warriors, arm'd by night?—

They watch, to hear the blood-hound baying:
They watch, to hear the war-horn braying;
To see St. George's red cross streaming,
To see the midnight beacon gleaming:
They watch, against Southern force and guile,
Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,
Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,
From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.

VII

Such is the custom of Branksome-Hall.—
Many a valiant knight is here;
But He, the Chieftain of them all,
His sword hangs rusting on the wall,
Beside his broken spear.
Bards long shall tell
How Lord Walter fell!
When startled burghers fled, afar,
The furies of the Border war;
When the streets of high Dunedin
Saw lances gleam, and falchions redden,
And heard the slogan's deadly yell—
Then the Chief of Branksome fell.

VIII

Can piety the discord heal,
Or stanch the death-feud's enmity?
Can Christian lore, can patriot zeal,
Can love of blessed charity?
No! vainly to each holy shrine,

In mutual pilgrimage, they drew;
Implored, in vain, the grace divine
For chiefs, their own red falchions slew:
While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,
While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,
The slaughter'd chiefs, the mortal jar,
The havoc of the feudal war,
Shall never, never be forgot!

IX

In sorrow o'er Lord Walter's bier
The warlike foresters had bent;
And many a flower, and many a tear,
Old Teviot's maids and matrons lent:
But o'er her warrior's bloody bier
The Ladye dropp'd nor flower nor tear!
Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,
Had lock'd the source of softer woe;
And burning pride, and high disdain,
Forbade the rising tear to flow:
Until, amid his sorrowing clan,
Her son lisp'd from the nurse's knee—
"And if I live to be a man,
My father's death revenged shall be!"
Then fast the mother's tears did seek
To dew the infant's kindling cheek.

X

All loose her negligent attire,
All loose her golden hair,

Hung Margaret o'er her slaughter'd sire,
And wept in wild despair,
But not alone the bitter tear
Had filial grief supplied;
For hopeless love, and anxious fear,
Had lent their mingled tide:
Nor in her mother's alter'd eye
Dared she to look for sympathy.
Her lover, 'gainst her father's clan,
With Carr in arms had stood,
When Mathouse-burn to Melrose ran,
All purple with their blood;
And well she knew, her mother dread,
Before Lord Cranstoun she should wed,
Would see her on her dying bed.

XI

Of noble race the Ladye came,
Her father was a clerk of fame,
Of Bethune's line of Picardie:
He learned the art that none may name,
In Padua, far beyond the sea.
Men said, he changed his mortal frame
By feat of magic mystery;
For when, in studious mood, he paced
St. Andrew's cloister'd hall,
His form no darkening shadow traced
Upon the sunny wall!

XII

And of his skill, as bards avow,
He taught that Ladye fair,
Till to her bidding she could bow
The viewless forms of air.
And now she sits in secret bower,
In old Lord David's western tower,
And listens to a heavy sound,
That moans the mossy turrets round.
Is it the roar of Teviot's tide,
That chafes against the scaur's red side?
Is it the wind that swings the oaks?
Is it the echo from the rocks?
What may it be, the heavy sound,
That moans old Branksome's turrets round?

XIII

At the sullen, moaning sound,
The ban-dogs bay and howl;
And from the turrets round,
Loud whoops the startled owl.
In the hall, both squire and knight
Swore that a storm was near,
And looked forth to view the night;
But the night was still and clear!

XIV

From the sound of Teviot's tide,
Chafing with the mountain's side,
From the groan of the wind-swung oak,

From the sullen echo of the rock,
From the voice of the coming storm,
The Ladye knew it well!
It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke,
And he called on the Spirit of the Fell.

XV

RIVER SPIRIT

"Sleep'st thou, brother?"—

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT

—"Brother, nay—
On my hills the moonbeams play.
From Craik-cross to Skelfhill-pen,
By every rill, in every glen,
Merry elves their morris pacing,
To aerial minstrelsy,
Emerald rings on brown heath tracing,
Trip it deft and merrily.
Up, and mark their nimble feet!
Up, and list their music sweet!"

XVI

RIVER SPIRIT

"Tears of an imprisoned maiden
Mix with my polluted stream;
Margaret of Branksome, sorrow-laden,
Mourns beneath the moon's pale beam.
Tell me, thou, who view'st the stars,
When shall cease these feudal jars?

What shall be the maiden's fate?
Who shall be the maiden's mate?"

XVII

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT

"Arthur's slow wain his course doth roll,
In utter darkness round the pole;
The Northern Bear lowers black and grim;
Orion's studded belt is dim;
Twinkling faint, and distant far,
Shimmers through mist each planet star;
Ill may I read their high decree!
But no kind influence deign they shower
On Teviot's tide, and Branksome's tower,
Till pride be quell'd, and love be free."

XVIII

The unearthly voices ceast,
And the heavy sound was still;
It died on the river's breast,
It died on the side of the hill.
But round Lord David's tower
The sound still floated near;
For it rung in the Ladye's bower,
And it rung in the Ladye's ear.
She raised her stately head,
And her heart throbb'd high with pride:—
"Your mountains shall bend,
And your streams ascend,
Ere Margaret be our foeman's bride!"

XIX

The Ladye sought the lofty hall,
Where many a bold retainer lay,
And, with jocund din, among them all,
Her son pursued his infant play.
A fancied moss-trooper, the boy
The truncheon of a spear bestrode,
And round the hall, right merrily,
In mimic foray rode.
Even bearded knights, in arms grown old,
Share in his frolic gambols bore,
Albeit their hearts of rugged mould,
Were stubborn as the steel they wore.
For the grey warriors prophesied,
How the brave boy in future war,
Should tame the Unicorn's pride,
Exalt the Crescent and the Star.

XX

The Ladye forgot her purpose high,
One moment, and no more;
One moment gazed with a mother's eye,
As she paused at the arched door:
Then from amid the armed train,
She call'd to her William of Deloraine.

XXI

A stark, moss-trooping Scott was he,
As e'er couch'd Border lance by knee;
Through Solway sands, through Tarras moss,

Blindfold, he knew the paths to cross;
By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds;
In Eske, or Liddel, fords were none,
But he would ride them, one by one;
Alike to him was time or tide,
December's snow, or July's pride:
Alike to him was tide or time,
Moonless midnight or matin prime;
Steady of heart and stout of hand,
As ever drove prey from Cumberland;
Five times outlawed had he been,
By England's King, and Scotland's Queen.

XXII.

"Sir William of Deloraine, good at need,
Mount thee on the wightest steed;
Spare not to spur, nor stint to ride,
Until thou come to fair Tweedside;
And in Melrose's holy pile
Seek thou the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.
Greet the father well from me;
Say that the fated hour is come,
And to-night he shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb:
For this will be St. Michael's night,
And, though stars be dim, the moon is bright;
And the Cross, of bloody red,
Will point to the grave of the mighty dead.

XXIII

"What he gives thee, see thou keep;
Stay not thou for food or sleep:
Be it scroll, or be it book,
Into it, Knight, thou must not look;
If thou readest, thou art lorn!
Better hadst thou ne'er been born."—

XXIV

"O swiftly can speed my dapple-grey steed,
Which drinks of the Teviot clear;
Ere break of day," the Warrior 'gan say,
"Again will I be here:
And safer by none may thy errand be done,
Than, noble dame, by me,
Letter nor line know I never a one,
Wer't my neck-verse at Hairibee."

XXV

Soon in his saddle sate he fast,
And soon the steep descent he past,
Soon cross'd the sounding barbican,
And soon the Teviot side he won.
Eastward the wooded path he rode,
Green hazels o'er his basnet nod;
He pass'd the Peel of Goldiland,
And cross'd old Borthwick's roaring strand;
Dimly he view'd the Moat-hill's mound,
Where Druid shades still flitted round;
In Hawick twinkled many a light;

Behind him soon they set in night;
And soon he spurred his courser keen
Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.

XXVI

The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark;—
"Stand, ho! thou courier of the dark."—
"For Branksome, ho!" the knight rejoin'd
And left the friendly tower behind
He turn'd him now from Teviotside,
And guided by the tinkling rill,
Northward the dark ascent did ride,
And gain'd the moor at Horsliehill;
Broad on the left before him lay,
For many a mile, the Roman way.

XXVII

A moment now he slack'd his speed,
A moment breathed his panting steed;
Drew saddle-girth and corslet-band,
And loosen'd in the sheath his brand.
On Minto-crags the moonbeams glint,
Where Barnhill hew'd his bed of flint;
Who flung his outlaw'd limbs to rest,
Where falcons hang their giddy nest,
Mid cliffs, from whence his eagle eye
For many a league his prey could spy;
Cliffs, doubling, on their echoes borne,
The terrors of the robber's horn;
Cliffs, which, for many a later year,

The warbling Doric reed shall hear,
When some sad swain shall teach the grove,
Ambition is no cure for love!

XXVIII

Unchallenged, thence pass'd Deloraine,
To ancient Riddel's fair domain,
Where Aill, from mountains freed,
Down from the lakes did raving come;
Each wave was crested with tawny foam,
Like the mane of a chestnut steed.
In vain! no torrent, deep or broad,
Might bar the bold moss-trooper's road.

XXIX

At the first plunge the horse sunk low,
And the water broke o'er the saddle-bow;
Above the foaming tide, I ween,
Scarce half the charger's neck was seen;
For he was barded from counter to tail,
And the rider was armed complete in mail;
Never heavier man and horse
Stemm'd a midnight torrent's force.
The warrior's very plume, I say,
Was daggled by the dashing spray;
Yet, through good heart, and Our Ladye's grace,
At length he gained the landing-place.

XXX

Now Bowden Moor the march-man won,
And sternly shook his plumed head,
As glanced his eye o'er Halidon;
For on his soul the slaughter red
Of that unhallow'd morn arose
When first the Scott and Carr were foes;
When Royal James beheld the fray,
Prize to the victor of the day;
When Home and Douglas, in the van,
Bore down Buccleuch's retiring clan,
Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood dear
Reek'd on dark Elliot's Border spear.

XXXI

In bitter mood he spurred fast,
And soon the hated heath was past;
And far beneath in lustre wan,
Old Melros' rose, and fair Tweed ran:
Like some tall rock with lichens grey,
Seem'd dimly huge, the dark Abbaye.
When Hawick he pass'd, had curfew rung,
Now midnight lauds were in Melrose sung.
The sound, upon the fitful gale,
In solemn wise did rise and fail,
Like that wild harp, whose magic tone
Is waken'd by the winds alone.
But when Melrose he reach'd 'twas silence all;

He meetly stabled his steed in stall,
And sought the convent's lonely wall.

(*Interlude*)

Here paused the harp; and with its swell
The Master's fire and courage fell:
Dejectedly, and low, he bow'd,
And, gazing timid on the crowd,
He seem'd to seek, in every eye,
If they approved his minstrelsy;
And, diffident of present praise,
Somewhat he spoke of former days,
And how old age and wand'ring long,
Had done his hand and harp some wrong
The Duchess, and her daughters fair,
And every gentle lady there,
Each after each, in due degree,
Gave praises to his melody;
His hand was true, his voice was clear,
And much they long'd the rest to hear
Encouraged thus, the Aged Man,
After meet rest, again began.

CANTO SECOND

I

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey.
When the broken arches are black in night
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruin'd pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

II

Short halt did Deloraine make there;
Little reck'd he of the scene so fair:
With dagger's hilt, on the wicket strong,
He struck full loud, and struck full long.

The porter hurried to the gate—
"Who knocks so loud, and knocks so late?"
"From Branksome I!" the warrior cried;
And straight the wicket open'd wide;
For Branksome's Chiefs had in battle stood,
To fence the rights of fair Melrose;
And lands and livings, many a rood,
Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose.

III

Bold Deloraine his errand said;
The porter bent his humble head;
With torch in hand, and feet unshod,
And noiseless step, the path he trod;
The arched cloister, far and wide,
Rang to the Warrior's clanking stride;
Till, stooping low his lofty crest,
He enter'd the cell of the ancient priest,
And lifted his barred aventayle,
To hail the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.

IV

"The Ladye of Branksome greets thee by me;
Says, that the fated hour is come,
And that to-night I shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb."—
From sackcloth couch the monk arose,
With toil his stiffen'd limbs he rear'd;
A hundred years had flung their snows
On his thin locks and floating beard.

V

And strangely on the Knight look'd he,
And his blue eyes gleam'd wild and wide;
"And, darest thou, Warrior! seek to see
What heaven and hell alike would hide?
My breast, in belt of iron pent,
With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn;
For threescore years, in penance spent,
My knees those flinty stones have worn;
Yet all too little to atone
For knowing what should ne'er be known.
Would'st thou thy every future year
In ceaseless prayer and penance drie,
Yet wait thy latter end with fear—
Then, daring Warrior, follow me!"—

VI

"Penance, Father, will I none;
Prayer know I hardly one;
For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
Save to patter an Ave Mary,
When I ride on a Border foray.
Other prayer can I none;
So speed me my errand, and let me be gone."—

VII

Again on the Knight look'd the Churchman old,
And again he sighed heavily;
For he had himself been a warrior bold,
And fought in Spain and Italy.

And he thought on the days that were long since by,
When his limbs were strong, and his courage was high:—
Now, slow and faint, he led the way,
Where cloister'd round, the garden lay;
The pillar'd arches were over their head,
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

VIII

Spreading herbs, and flowerets bright,
Glisten'd with the dew of night;
Nor herb, nor floweret, glisten'd there,
But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.
The Monk gazed long on the lovely moon,
Then into the night he looked forth;
And red and bright the streamers light
Were dancing in the glowing north.
So had he seen, in fair Castile,
The youth in glittering squadrons start;
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
And hurl the unexpected dart.
He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
That spirits were riding the northern light.

IX

By a steel-clenched postern door,
They enter'd now the chancel tall;
The darken'd roof rose high aloof
On pillars lofty and light and small:

The key-stone that lock'd each ribbed aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille;
The corbells were carved grotesque and grim;
And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts so trim,
With base and with capital flourish'd around,
Seem'd bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

X

Full many a scutcheon and banner riven
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven
Around the screened altar's pale;
And there the dying lamps did burn,
Before thy low and lonely urn,
O gallant Chief of Otterburne!
And thine, dark Knight of Liddesdale!
O fading honours of the dead!
O high ambition, lowly laid!

XI

The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand,
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow-wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Show'd many a prophet, and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed;

Full in the midst, his Cross of Red
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the Apostate's pride.
The moonbeam kiss'd the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

XII

They sate them down on a marble stone,
(A Scottish monarch slept below);
Thus spoke the Monk, in solemn tone:—
"I was not always a man of woe;
For Paynim countries I have trod,
And fought beneath the Cross of God:
Now, strange to my eyes thine arms appear,
And their iron clang sounds strange to my ear.

XIII

"In these far climes it was my lot
To meet the wondrous Michael Scott;
A wizard of such dreaded fame,
That when, in Salamanca's cave,
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame!
Some of his skill he taught to me;
And, Warrior, I could say to thee
The words that cleft Eildon hills in three,
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone:
But to speak them were a deadly sin;
And for having but thought them my heart within,
A treble penance must be done.

XIV

"When Michael lay on his dying bed,
His conscience was awakened:
He bethought him of his sinful deed,
And he gave me a sign to come with speed:
I was in Spain when the morning rose,
But I stood by his bed ere evening close.
The words may not again be said,
That he spoke to me, on death-bed laid;
They would rend this Abbaye's massy nave,
And pile it in heaps above his grave.

XV

"I swore to bury his Mighty Book,
That never mortal might therein look;
And never to tell where it was hid,
Save at his Chief of Branksome's need:
And when that need was past and o'er,
Again the volume to restore.
I buried him on St. Michael's night,
When the bell toll'd one, and the moon was bright,
And I dug his chamber among the dead,
When the floor of the chancel was stained red,
That his patron's cross might over him wave,
And scare the fiends from the Wizard's grave.

XVI

"It was a night of woe and dread,
When Michael in the tomb I laid!

Strange sounds along the chancel pass'd,
The banners waved without a blast''—
Still spoke the Monk, when the bell toll'd one!—
I tell you that a braver man
Than William of Deloraine, good at need,
Against a foe ne'er spurr'd a steed;
Yet somewhat was he chill'd with dread,
And his hair did bristle upon his head.

XVII

''Lo, Warrior! now, the Cross of Red
Points to the grave of the mighty dead;
Within it burns a wondrous light,
To chase the spirits that love the night:
That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be.''—
Slow moved the Monk to the broad flag-stone,
Which the bloody Cross was traced upon:
He pointed to a secret nook;
An iron bar the Warrior took
And the Monk made a sign with his wither'd hand,
The grave's huge portal to expand.

XVIII

With beating heart to the task he went;
His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent;
With bar of iron heaved amain,
Till the toil-drops fell from his brows, like rain.
It was by dint of passing strength,

That he moved the massy stone at length.
I would you had been there to see
How the light broke forth so gloriously,
Stream'd upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof!
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright:
It shone like heaven's own blessed light,
And, issuing from the tomb,
Show'd the Monk's cowl, and visage pale,
Danced on the dark-brow'd Warrior's mail,
And kiss'd his waving plume.

XIX

Before their eyes the Wizard lay,
As if he had not been dead a day.
His hoary beard in silver roll'd,
He seem'd some seventy winters old;
A palmer's amice wrapp'd him round,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea:
His left hand held his Book of Might;
A silver cross was in his right;
The lamp was placed beside his knee:
High and majestic was his look,
At which the fellest fiends had shook,
And all unruffled was his face:
They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

XX

Often had William of Deloraine
Rode through the battle's bloody plain,

And trampled down the warriors slain,
And neither known remorse nor awe:
Yet now remorse and awe he own'd;
His breath came thick, his head swam round,
When this strange scene of death he saw.
Bewilder'd and unnerved he stood,
And the priest pray'd fervently and loud:
With eyes averted prayed he;
He might not endure the sight to see,
Of the man he had loved so brotherly.

XXI

And when the priest his death-prayer had pray'd,
Thus unto Deloraine he said:—
"Now speed thee what thou hast to do,
Or, Warrior, we may dearly rue;
For those, thou may'st not look upon,
Are gathering fast round the yawning stone!"—
Then Deloraine, in terror, took
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,
With iron clasp'd, and with iron bound:
He thought, as he took it, the dead man frown'd;
But the glare of the sepulchral light,
Perchance, had dazzled the Warrior's sight.

XXII

When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomb,
The night return'd in double gloom;

For the moon had gone down, and the stars were few;
And, as the Knight and Priest withdrew,
With wavering steps and dizzy brain,
They hardly might the postern gain.
'Tis said, as through the aisles they pass'd,
They heard strange noises on the blast;
And through the cloister-galleries small,
Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall,
Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,
And voices unlike the voice of man;
As if the fiends kept holiday,
Because these spells were brought to day.
I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

XXIII

"Now, hie thee hence," the Father said,
"And when we are on death-bed laid,
O may our dear Ladye, and sweet St. John,
Forgive our souls for the deed we have done!"—
The Monk return'd him to his cell,
And many a prayer and penance sped;
When the convent met at the noontide bell—
The Monk of St. Mary's aisle was dead!
Before the cross was the body laid,
With hands clasp'd fast, as if still he pray'd.

XXIV

The Knight breathed free in the morning wind,
And strove his hardihood to find:

He was glad when he pass'd the tombstones grey,
Which girdle round the fair Abbaye;
For the mystic Book, to his bosom prest,
Felt like a load upon his breast;
And his joints, with nerves of iron twined,
Shook, like the aspen leaves in wind.
Full fain was he when the dawn of day
Began to brighten Cheviot grey;
He joy'd to see the cheerful light,
And he said Ave Mary, as well as he might.

XXV

The sun had brighten'd Cheviot grey,
The sun had brighten'd the Carter's side;
And soon beneath the rising day
Smiled Branksome towers and Teviot's tide.
The wild birds told their warbling tale,
And waken'd every flower that blows;
And peeped forth the violet pale,
And spread her breast the mountain rose.
And lovelier than the rose so red,
Yet paler than the violet pale,
She early left her sleepless bed,
The fairest maid of Teviotdale.

XXVI

Why does fair Margaret so early awake,
And don her kirtle so hastilie;
And the silken knots, which in hurry she would make,

Why tremble her slender fingers to tie;
Why does she stop, and look often around,
As she glides down the secret stair;
And why does she pat the shaggy blood-hound,
As she rouses him up from his lair;
And, though she passes the postern alone,
Why is not the watchman's bugle blown?

XXVII

The Ladye steps in doubt and dread,
Lest her watchful mother hear her tread;
The Ladye caresses the rough blood-hound,
Lest his voice should waken the castle round;
The watchman's bugle is not blown,
For he was her foster-father's son;
And she glides through the greenwood at dawn of light,
To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight.

XXVIII

The Knight and Ladye fair are met,
And under the hawthorn's boughs are set.
A fairer pair were never seen
To meet beneath the hawthorn green.
He was stately, and young, and tall;
Dreaded in battle, and loved in hall:
And she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid,
Lent to her cheek a livelier red;
When the half sigh her swelling breast
Against the silken ribbon prest;

When her blue eyes their secret told,
Though shaded by her locks of gold—
Where would you find the peerless fair,
With Margaret of Branksome might compare!

XXIX

And now, fair dames, methinks I see
You listen to my minstrelsy;
Your waving locks ye backward throw,
And sidelong bend your necks of snow;—
Ye ween to hear a melting tale,
Of two true lovers in a dale;
And how the Knight, with tender fire,
To paint his faithful passion strove;
Swore, he might at her feet expire,
But never, never cease to love;
And how she blush'd, and how she sigh'd,
And, half consenting, half denied,
And said that she would die a maid;—
Yet, might the bloody feud be stay'd,
Henry of Cranstoun, and only he,
Margaret of Branksome's choice should be.

XXX

Alas! fair dames, your hopes are vain!
My harp has lost the enchanting strain;
Its lightness would my age reprove:
My hairs are grey, my limbs are old,
My heart is dead, my veins are cold;
I may not, must not, sing of love.

XXXI

Beneath an oak, moss'd o'er by eld,
The Baron's Dwarf his courser held,
And held his crested helm and spear:
That Dwarf was scarce an earthly man,
If the tales were true that of him ran
Through all the Border, far and near.
'Twas said, when the Baron a-hunting rode
Through Reedsdale's glens, but rarely trode,
He heard a voice cry, "Lost! lost! lost!"
And, like tennis-ball by racquet toss'd,
A leap of thirty feet and three
Made from the gorse this elfin shape,
Distorted like some dwarfish ape,
And lighted at Lord Cranstoun's knee.
Lord Cranstoun was some whit dismay'd;
'Tis said that five good miles he rade,
To rid him of his company;
But where he rode one mile, the Dwarf ran four,
And the Dwarf was first at the castle door.

XXXII

Use lessens marvel, it is said:
This elvish Dwarf with the Baron stay'd;
Little he ate, and less he spoke
Nor mingled with the menial flock:
And oft apart his arms he toss'd,
And often mutter'd, "Lost! lost! lost!"
He was waspish, arch, and litherlie,
But well Lord Cranstoun served he:

And he of his service was full fain;
For once he had been ta'en or slain,
An' it had not been for his ministry.
All between Home and Hermitage,
Talk'd of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-Page.

XXXIII

For the Baron went on pilgrimage,
And took with him this elvish Page,
To Mary's Chapel of the Lowes:
For there, beside our Ladye's lake,
An offering he had sworn to make,
And he would pay his vows.
But the Ladye of Branksome gather'd a band
Of the best that would ride at her command:
The trysting-place was Newark Lee.
Wat of Harden came thither amain,
And thither came John of Thirlestane,
And thither came William of Deloraine;
They were three hundred spears and three.
Through Douglas-burn, up Yarrow stream,
Their horses prance, their lances gleam.
They came to St. Mary's lake ere day;
But the chapel was void, and the Baron away.
They burn'd the chapel for very rage,
And cursed Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-Page.

XXXIV

And now, in Branksome's good green wood,
As under the aged oak he stood,
The Baron's courser pricks his ears,

As if a distant noise he hears.
The Dwarf waves his long lean arm on high,
And signs to the lovers to part and fly;
No time was then to vow or sigh.
Fair Margaret, through the hazel grove,
Flew like the startled cushat-dove:
The Dwarf the stirrup held and rein;
Vaulted the Knight on his steed amain,
And, pondering deep that morning's scene,
Rode eastward through the hawthorns green.

(*Interlude*)

While thus he pour'd the lengthen'd tale,
The Minstrel's voice began to fail:
Full slyly smiled the observant page,
And gave the wither'd hand of age
A goblet, crown'd with mighty wine,
The blood of Velez' scorched vine.
He raised the silver cup on high,
And, while the big drop fill'd his eye.
Pray'd God to bless the Duchess long,
And all who cheer'd a son of song.
The attending maidens smiled to see
How long, how deep, how zealously,
The precious juice the Minstrel quaff'd;
And he, embolden'd by the draught,
Look'd gaily back to them, and laugh'd.
The cordial nectar of the bowl
Swell'd his old veins, and cheer'd his soul;
A lighter, livelier prelude ran,
Ere thus his tale again began.

CANTO THIRD

I

And said I that my limbs were old,
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor wither'd heart was dead,
  And that I might not sing of love?—
How could I to the dearest theme,
That ever warm'd a minstrel's dream,
  So foul, so false a recreant prove!
How could I name Love's very name,
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame!

II

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

III

So thought Lord Cranstoun, as I ween,
While, pondering deep the tender scene,
He rode 'hrough Branksome's hawthorn green.

But the page shouted wild and shrill—
And scarce his helmet could he don,
When downward from the shady hill
A stately knight came pricking on.
That warrior's steed, so dapple-grey,
Was dark with sweat, and splashed with clay;
His armour red with many a stain:
He seem'd in such a weary plight,
As if he had ridden the livelong night:
For it was William of Deloraine.

IV

But no whit weary did he seem,
When, dancing in the sunny beam,
He mark'd the crane on the Baron's crest,
For his ready spear was in his rest.
Few were the words, and stern and high,
That mark'd the foeman's feudal hate;
For question fierce, and proud reply,
Gave signal soon of dire debate.
Their very coursers seem'd to know
That each was other's mortal foe,
And snorted fire, when wheel'd around,
To give each knight his vantage-ground.

V

In rapid round the Baron bent:
He sigh'd a sigh, and pray'd a prayer;
The prayer was to his patron saint,
The sigh was to his ladye fair.

Stout Deloraine nor sigh'd nor pray'd,
Nor saint, nor ladye, call'd to aid;
But he stoop'd his head, and couch'd his spear,
And spurred his steed to full career.
The meeting of these champions proud
Seem'd like the bursting thunder-cloud.

VI

Stern was the dint the Borderer lent!
The stately Baron backwards bent;
Bent backwards to his horse's tail,
And his plumes went scattering on the gale;
The tough ash spear, so stout and true,
Into a thousand flinders flew.
But Cranstoun's lance, of more avail,
Pierced through, like silk, the Borderer's mail;
Through shield, and jack, and acton, past,
Deep in his bosom broke at last.—
Still sate the warrior, saddle-fast,
Till, stumbling in the mortal shock,
Down went the steed, the girthing broke,
Hurl'd on a heap lay man and horse.
The Baron onward pass'd his course;
Nor knew—so giddy roll'd his brain—
His foe lay stretched upon the plain.

VII

But when he rein'd his courser round,
And saw his foeman on the ground
Lie senseless as the bloody clay,

He bade his page to stanch the wound,
And there beside the warrior stay,
And tend him in his doubtful state,
And lead him to Branksome castle-gate:
His noble mind was inly moved
For the kinsman of the maid he loved.
"This shalt thou do without delay:
No longer here myself may stay;
Unless the swifter I speed away,
Short shrift will be at my dying day."

VIII

Away in speed Lord Cranstoun rode;
The Goblin-Page behind abode;
His lord's command he ne'er withstood,
Though small his pleasure to do good.
As the corslet off he took,
The Dwarf espied the Mighty Book!
Much he marvell'd a knight of pride,
Like a book-bosom'd priest should ride:
He thought not to search or stanch the wound
Until the secret he had found.

IX

The iron band, the iron clasp,
Resisted long the elfin grasp:
For when the first he had undone,
It closed as he the next begun.
Those iron clasps, that iron band,
Would not yield to unchristen'd hand,

Till he smear'd the cover o'er
With the Borderer's curdled gore;
A moment then the volume spread,
And one short spell therein he read.
It had much of glamour might,
Could make a ladye seem a knight;
The cobwebs on a dungeon wall
Seem tapestry in lordly hall;
A nut-shell seem a gilded barge,
A sheeling seem a palace large,
And youth seem age, and age seem youth—
All was delusion, nought was truth.

X

He had not read another spell,
When on his cheek a buffet fell,
So fierce it stretch'd him on the plain,
Beside the wounded Deloraine.
From the ground he rose dismay'd,
And shook his huge and matted head;
One word he mutter'd and no more,
"Man of age, thou smitest sore!"
No more the Elfin Page durst try
Into the wondrous Book to pry;
The clasps, though smear'd with Christian gore,
Shut faster than they were before.
He hid it underneath his cloak.—
Now, if you ask who gave the stroke,
I cannot tell, so mot I thrive;
It was not given by man alive.

XI

Unwillingly himself he address'd
To do his master's high behest:
He lifted up the living corse,
And laid it on the weary horse;
He led him into Branksome Hall,
Before the beards of the warders all;
And each did after swear and say,
There only pass'd a wain of hay.
He took him to Lord David's tower,
Even to the Ladye's secret bower;
And, but that stronger spells were spread,
And the door might not be opened,
He had laid him on her very bed.
Whate'er he did of gramarye,
Was always done maliciously;
He flung the warrior on the ground,
And the blood well'd freshly from the wound.

XII

As he repass'd the outer court,
He spied the fair young child at sport:
He thought to train him to the wood;
For, at a word, be it understood,
He was always for ill, and never for good.
Seem'd to the boy, some comrade gay
Led him forth to the woods to play;
On the drawbridge the warders stout
Saw a terrier and lurcher passing out.

XIII

He led the boy o'er bank and fell,
Until they came to the woodland brook;
The running stream dissolved the spell,
And his own elfish shape he took.
Could he have had his pleasure vilde,
He had crippled the joints of the noble child;
Or, with his fingers long and lean,
Had strangled him in fiendish spleen:
But his awful mother he had in dread,
And also his power was limited;
So he but scowl'd on the startled child,
And darted through the forest wild;
The woodland brook he bounding cross'd,
And laugh'd, and shouted, "Lost! lost! lost!"—

XIV

Full sore amaz'd at the wondrous change,
And frighten'd as a child might be,
At the wild yell and visage strange,
And the dark words of gramarye,
The child, amidst the forest bower,
Stood rooted like a lily flower;
And when at length, with trembling pace,
He sought to find where Branksome lay,
He fear'd to see that grisly face
Glare from some thicket on his way.
Thus, starting oft, he journey'd on,
And deeper in the wood is gone,—

For aye the more he sought his way,
The farther still he went astray,—
Until he heard the mountains round
Ring to the baying of a hound.

XV

And hark! and hark! the deep-mouth'd bark
Comes nigher still, and nigher;
Bursts on the path a dark blood-hound,
His tawny muzzle track'd the ground,
And his red eye shot fire.
Soon as the wilder'd child saw he,
He flew at him right furiouslie.
I ween you would have seen with joy
The bearing of the gallant boy,
When, worthy of his noble sire,
His wet cheek glow'd 'twixt fear and ire!
He faced the blood-hound manfully,
And held his little bat on high;
So fierce he struck, the dog, afraid,
At cautious distance hoarsely bay'd,
But still in act to spring;
When dash'd an archer through the glade,
And when he saw the hound was stay'd,
He drew his tough bow-string;
But a rough voice cried, "Shoot not, boy!
Ho! shoot not, Edward—'Tis a boy!"

XVI

The speaker issued from the wood,
And check'd his fellow's surly mood,
And quell'd the ban-dog's ire:
He was an English yeoman good,
And born in Lancashire.
Well could he hit a fallow deer
Five hundred feet him fro;
With hand more true and eye more clear,
No archer bended bow.
His coal-black hair, shorn round and close,
Set off his sun-burn'd face;
Old England's sign, St. George's cross,
His barret-cap did grace;
His bugle-horn hung by his side,
All in a wolf-skin baldric tied;
And his short falchion, sharp and clear,
Had pierced the throat of many a deer.

XVII

His kirtle, made of forest green,
Reached scantly to his knee;
And, at his belt, of arrows keen
A furbish'd sheaf bore he;
His buckler scarce in breadth a span,
No larger fence had he;
He never counted him a man,
Would strike below the knee:
His slacken'd bow was in his hand,
And the leash, that was his blood-hound's band.

XVIII

He would not do the fair child harm,
But held him with his powerful arm,
That he might neither fight nor flee;
For when the Red-Cross spied he,
The boy strove long and violently.
"Now, by St. George," the archer cries,
"Edward, methinks we have a prize!
This boy's fair face, and courage free,
Show he is come of high degree."—

XIX

"Yes! I am come of high degree,
For I am the heir of bold Buccleuch;
And, if thou dost not set me free,
False Southron, thou shalt dearly rue!
For Walter of Harden shall come with speed,
And William of Deloraine, good at need,
And every Scott, from Esk to Tweed;
And, if thou dost not let me go,
Despite thy arrows, and thy bow,
I'll have thee hang'd to feed the crow!"

XX

"Gramercy, for thy good will, fair boy!
My mind was never set so high;
But if thou art chief of such a clan,
And art the son of such a man,
And ever comest to thy command,
Our wardens had need to keep good order;

My bow of yew to a hazel wand,
Thou'lt make them work upon the Border.
Meantime, be pleased to come with me,
For good Lord Dacre shalt thou see;
I think our work is well begun,
When we have taken thy father's son."

XXI

Although the child was led away,
In Branksome still he seem'd to stay,
For so the Dwarf his part did play;
And, in the shape of that young boy,
He wrought the castle much annoy.
The comrades of the young Buccleuch
He pinch'd, and beat, and overthrew;
Nay, some of them he wellnigh slew.
He tore Dame Maudlin's silken tire,
And, as Sym Hall stood by the fire,
He lighted the match of his bandelier,
And wofully scorch'd the hackbuteer.
It may be hardly thought or said,
The mischief that the urchin made,
Till many of the castle guess'd,
That the young Baron was possess'd!

XXII

Well I ween the charm he held
The noble Ladye had soon dispell'd;
But she was deeply busied then
To tend the wounded Deloraine.

Much she wonder'd to find him lie,
On the stone threshold stretch'd along;
She thought some spirit of the sky
Had done the bold moss-trooper wrong;
Because, despite her precept dread,
Perchance he in the Book had read;
But the broken lance in his bosom stood,
And it was earthly steel and wood.

XXIII

She drew the splinter from the wound,
And with a charm she stanch'd the blood;
She bade the gash be cleansed and bound;
No longer by his couch she stood;
But she has ta'en the broken lance,
And wash'd it from the clotted gore,
And salved the splinter o'er and o'er.
William of Deloraine, in trance,
Whene'er she turn'd it round and round,
Twisted as if she gall'd his wound.
Then to her maidens she did say,
That he should be whole man and sound,
Within the course of a night and day.
Full long she toil'd; for she did rue
Mishap to friend so stout and true.

XXIV

So pass'd the day—the evening fell,
'Twas near the time of curfew bell;
The air was mild, the wind was calm,

The stream was smooth, the dew was balm;
E'en the rude watchman, on the tower,
Enjoy'd and bless'd the lovely hour.
Far more fair Margaret loved and bless'd
The hour of silence and of rest.
On the high turret sitting lone,
She waked at times the lute's soft tone;
Touch'd a wild note, and all between
Thought of the bower of hawthorns green.
Her golden hair stream'd free from band,
Her fair cheek rested on her hand,
Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star.

XXV

Is yon the star, o'er Penchryst Pen,
That rises slowly to her ken,
And spreading broad its wavering light,
Shakes its loose tresses on the night?
Is yon red glare the western star?—
Oh! 'tis the beacon-blaze of war!
Scarce could she draw her tighten'd breath,
For well she knew the fire of death!

XXVI

The Warder view'd it blazing strong,
And blew his war-note loud and long,
Till, at the high and haughty sound,
Rock, wood, and river, rung around.
The blast alarm'd the festal hall,
And startled forth the warriors all;

Far downward in the castle-yard,
Full many a torch and cresset glared;
And helms and plumes, confusedly toss'd,
Were in the blaze half-seen, half-lost;
And spears in wild disorder shook,
Like reeds beside a frozen brook.

XXVII

The Seneschal, whose silver hair
Was redden'd by the torches' glare,
Stood in the midst, with gesture proud,
And issued forth his mandates loud:—
"On Penchryst glows a bale of fire,
And three are kindling on Priesthaughswire:
Ride out, ride out,
The foe to scout!
Mount, mount for Branksome, every man!
Thou, Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan,
That ever are true and stout—
Ye need not send to Liddesdale;
For, when they see the blazing bale,
Elliots and Armstrongs never fail.—
Ride, Alton, ride, for death and life!
And warn the Warder of the strife.—
Young Gilbert, let our beacon blaze,
Our kin, and clan, and friends, to raise."

XXVIII

Fair Margaret, from the turret head,
Heard, far below, the coursers' tread,

While loud the harness rung,
As to their seats, with clamour dread,
The ready horsemen sprung:
And trampling hoofs, and iron coats,
And leaders' voices, mingled notes,
And out! and out!
In hasty rout,
The horsemen gallop'd forth;
Dispersing to the south to scout,
And east, and west, and north,
To view their coming enemies,
And warn their vassals and allies.

XXIX

The ready page, with hurried hand,
Awaked the need-fire's slumbering brand,
And ruddy blush'd the heaven:
For a sheet of flame, from the turret high,
Waved like a blood-flag on the sky,
All flaring and uneven;
And soon a score of fires, I ween,
From height, and hill, and cliff, were seen;
Each with war-like tidings fraught;
Each from each the signal caught;
Each after each they glanced to sight,
As stars arise upon the night,
They gleam'd on many a dusky tarn,
Haunted by the lonely earn;
On many a cairn's grey pyramid,
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid;

Till high Dunedin the blazes saw,
From Soltra and Dumpender Law;
And Lothian heard the Regent's order,
That all should bowne them for the Border.

XXX

The livelong night in Branksome rang
  The ceaseless sound of steel;
The castle-bell, with backward clang,
  Sent forth the larum peal;
Was frequent heard the heavy jar,
Where massy stone and iron bar
Were piled on echoing keep and tower,
To whelm the foe with deadly shower;
Was frequent heard the changing guard,
And watch-word from the sleepless ward;
While, wearied by the endless din,
Blood-hound and ban-dog yell'd within.

XXXI

The noble Dame, amid the broil,
Shared the grey Seneschal's high toil,
And spoke of danger with a smile;
Cheer'd the young knights, and council sage
Held with the chiefs of riper age.
No tidings of the foe were brought,
Nor of his numbers knew they aught,
Nor what in time of truce he sought.
  Some said, that there were thousands ten;
And others ween'd that it was nought

But Leven Clans, or Tynedale men,
Who came to gather in black mail;
And Liddesdale, with small avail,
Might drive them lightly back agen.
So pass'd the anxious night away,
And welcome was the peep of day.

(*Interlude*)

Ceased the high sound—the listening throng
Applaud the Master of the Song;
And marvel much, in helpless age,
So hard should be his pilgrimage.
Had he no friend—no daughter dear,
His wandering toil to share and cheer;
No son to be his father's stay,
And guide him on the rugged way?
"Ay, once he had—but he was dead!"—
Upon the harp he stoop'd his head,
And busied himself the strings withal,
To hide the tear that fain would fall.
In solemn measure, soft and slow,
Arose a father's notes of woe.

CANTO FOURTH

I

Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willow'd shore;
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves, since Time was born,
Since first they roll'd upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor started at the bugle-horn.

II

Unlike the tide of human time,
Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime
Its earliest course was doom'd to know;
And, darker as it downward bears,
Is stain'd with past and present tears.
Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,
It still reflects to Memory's eye
The hour my brave, my only boy,
Fell by the side of great Dundee.
Why, when the volleying musket play'd
Against the bloody Highland blade,

Why was not I beside him laid?—
Enough—he died the death of fame;
Enough—he died with conquering Græme.

III

Now over Border dale and fell,
Full wide and far was terror spread;
For pathless marsh, and mountain cell,
The peasant left his lowly shed.
The frighten'd flocks and herds were pent
Beneath the peel's rude battlement;
And maids and matrons dropp'd the tear,
While ready warriors seiz'd the spear.
From Branksome's towers, the watchman's eye
Dun wreaths of distant smoke can spy,
Which, curling in the rising sun,
Show'd southern ravage was begun.

IV

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried—
"Prepare ye all for blows and blood!
Watt Tinlinn, from the Liddel-side,
Comes wading through the flood.
Full oft the Tynedale snatchers knock
At his lone gate, and prove the lock;
It was but last St. Barnabright
They sieged him a whole summer night,
But fled at morning; well they knew,
In vain he never twang'd the yew.
Right sharp has been the evening shower,

That drove him from his Liddel-tower;
And, by my faith," the gate-ward said,
"I think 'twill prove a Warden-Raid."

V

While thus he spoke, the bold yeoman
Enter'd the echoing barbican.
He led a small and shaggy nag,
That through a bog, from hag to hag,
Could bound like any Billhope stag.
It bore his wife and children twain;
A half-clothed serf was all their train;
His wife, stout, ruddy, and dark-brow'd,
Of silver brooch and bracelet proud,
Laugh'd to her friends among the crowd.
He was of stature passing tall,
But sparely form'd and lean withal;
A batter'd morion on his brow;
A leather jack, as fence enow,
On his broad shoulders loosely hung;
A Border axe behind was slung;
His spear, six Scottish ells in length,
Seem'd newly dyed with gore;
His shafts and bow, of wondrous strength,
His hardy partner bore.

VI

Thus to the Ladye did Tinlinn show
The tidings of the English foe:—
"Belted Will Howard is marching here,
And hot Lord Dacre, with many a spear,

And all the German hackbut-men,
Who have long lain at Askerten:
They cross'd the Liddel at curfew hour,
And burned my little lonely tower:
The fiend receive their souls therefor!
It had not been burnt this year and more.
Barn-yard and dwelling, blazing bright,
Served to guide me on my flight;
But I was chased the livelong night.
Black John of Akeshaw, and Fergus Græme,
Fast upon my traces came,
Until I turned at Priesthaugh Scrogg,
And shot their horses in the bog,
Slew Fergus with my lance outright—
I had him long at high despite;
He drove my cows last Fastern's night."

VII

Now weary scouts from Liddesdale,
Fast hurrying in, confirm'd the tale;
As far as they could judge by ken,
Three hours would bring to Teviot's strand
Three thousand armed Englishmen—
Meanwhile, full many a warlike band,
From Teviot, Aill, and Ettrick shade,
Came in, their Chief's defence to aid.
There was saddling and mounting in haste,
There was pricking o'er moor and lea;
He that was last at the trysting-place
Was but lightly held of his gay ladye.

VIII

From fair St. Mary's silver wave,
From dreary Gamescleugh's dusky height,
His ready lances Thirlestane brave
Array'd beneath a banner bright.
The tressured fleur-de-luce he claims
To wreathe his shield, since royal James,
Encamp'd by Fala's mossy wave,
The proud distinction grateful gave,
For faith 'mid feudal jars;
What time, save Thirlestane alone,
Of Scotland's stubborn barons none
Would march to southern wars;
And hence, in fair remembrance worn,
Yon sheaf of spears his crest has borne;
Hence his high motto shines reveal'd—
"Ready, aye ready," for the field.

IX

An aged Knight, to danger steel'd,
With many a moss-trooper, came on;
And, azure in a golden field,
The stars and crescent graced his shield,
Without the bend of Murdieston.
Wide lay his lands round Oakwood tower,
And wide round haunted Castle-Ower;
High over Borthwick's mountain flood,
His wood-embosom'd mansion stood;
In the dark glen, so deep below,
The herds of plunder'd England low;

His bold retainers' daily food,
And bought with danger, blows, and blood.
Marauding chief! his sole delight
The moonlight raid, the morning fight;
Not even the Flower of Yarrow's charms,
In youth, might tame his rage for arms;
And still, in age, he spurn'd at rest,
And still his brows the helmet press'd,
Albeit the blanched locks below
Were white as Dinlay's spotless snow;
Five stately warriors drew the sword
Before their father's band;
A braver knight than Harden's lord
Ne'er belted on a brand.

X

Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band,
Came trooping down the Todshawhill;
By the sword they won their land,
And by the sword they hold it still.
Hearken, Ladye, to the tale,
How thy sires won fair Eskdale.—
Earl Morton was lord of that valley fair,
The Beattisons were his vassals there.
The Earl was gentle, and mild of mood,
The vassals were warlike, and fierce, and rude;
High of heart, and haughty of word,
Little they reck'd of a tame liege lord.
The Earl into fair Eskdale came,
Homage and seignory to claim:

Of Gilbert the Galliard a heriot he sought,
Saying, "Give thy best steed, as a vassal ought."
—"Dear to me is my bonny white steed,
Oft has he help'd me at pinch of need;
Lord and Earl though thou be, I trow,
I can rein Bucksfoot better than thou."—
Word on word gave fuel to fire,
Till so highly blazed the Beattison's ire,
But that the Earl the flight had ta'en,
The vassals there their lord had slain.
Sore he plied both whip and spur,
As he urged his steed through Eskdale muir;
And it fell down a weary weight,
Just on the threshold of Branksome gate.

XI

The Earl was a wrathful man to see,
Full fain avengèd would he be.
In haste to Branksome's Lord he spoke,
Saying, "Take these traitors to thy yoke;
For a cast of hawks and a purse of gold,
All Eskdale I'll sell thee, to have and hold:
Beshrew thy heart, of the Beattison's clan
If thou leavest on Eske a landed man;
But spare Woodkerrick's lands alone,
For he lent me his horse to escape upon".
A glad man then was Branksome bold,
Down he flung him the purse of gold;
To Eskdale soon he spurr'd amain,
And with him five hundred riders has ta'en.

He left his merrymen in the mist of the hill,
And bade them hold them close and still;
And alone he wended to the plain,
To meet with the Galliard and all his train.
To Gilbert the Galliard thus he said:
"Know thou me for thy liege lord and head;
Deal not with me as with Morton tame,
For Scotts play best at the roughest game.
Give me in peace my heriot due,
Thy bonny white steed, or thou shalt rue.
If my horn I three times wind,
Eskdale shall long have the sound in mind."—

XII

Loudly the Beattison laughed in scorn;
"Little care we for thy winded horn.
Ne'er shall it be the Galliard's lot,
To yield his steed to a haughty Scott.
Wend thou to Branksome back on foot,
With rusty spur and miry boot".—
He blew his bugle so loud and hoarse,
That the dun deer started at fair Craikcross;
He blew again so loud and clear,
Through the grey mountain mist there did lances appear;
And the third blast rang with such a din,
That the echoes answer'd from Pentoun-linn,
And all his riders came lightly in.
Then had you seen a gallant shock,
When saddles were emptied, and lances broke!

For each scornful word the Galliard had said,
A Beattison on the field was laid.
His own good sword the chieftain drew,
And he bore the Galliard through and through;
Where the Beattisons' blood mix'd with the rill,
The Galliard's Haugh men call it still.
The Scotts have scatter'd the Beattison clan,
In Eskdale they left but one landed man.
The valley of Eske, from mouth to the source,
Was lost and won for that bonny white horse.

XIII

Whitslade the Hawk, and Headshaw came,
And warriors more than I may name;
From Yarrow-cleugh to Hindhaugh-swair,
From Woodhouslie to Chester-glen,
Troop'd man and horse, and bow and spear;
Their gathering word was Bellenden.
And better hearts o'er Border sod
To siege or rescue never rode.
The Ladye mark'd the aids come in,
And high her heart of pride arose:
She bade her youthful son attend,
That he might know his father's friend,
And learn to face his foes.
"The boy is ripe to look on war;
I saw him draw a cross-bow stiff,
And his true arrow struck afar
The raven's nest upon the cliff;
The red cross, on a southern breast,

Is broader than the raven's nest:
Thou, Whitslade, shall teach him his weapon to wield,
And o'er him hold his father's shield."

XIV

Well may you think, the wily page
Cared not to face the Ladye sage.
He counterfeited childish fear,
And shriek'd and shed full many a tear,
And moan'd and plain'd in manner wild.
The attendants to the Ladye told,
Some fairy, sure, had changed the child,
That wont to be so free and bold.
Then wrathful was the noble dame;
She blush'd blood-red for very shame:—
"Hence! ere the clan his faintness view;
Hence with the weakling to Buccleuch!—
Watt Tinlinn, thou shalt be his guide
To Rangleburn's lonely side.—
Sure some fell fiend has cursed our line,
That coward should e'er be son of mine!"—

XV

A heavy task Watt Tinlinn had,
To guide the counterfeited lad.
Soon as the palfrey felt the weight
Of that ill-omen'd elfish freight,
He bolted, sprung, and rear'd amain,
Nor heeded bit, nor curb, nor rein.
It cost Watt Tinlinn mickle toil

To drive him but a Scottish mile;
But as a shallow brook they cross'd,
The elf, amid the running stream,
His figure changed, like form in dream,
And fled, and shouted, "Lost! lost! lost!"
Full fast the urchin ran and laugh'd,
But faster still a cloth-yard shaft
Whistled from startled Tinlinn's yew,
And pierced his shoulder through and through.
Although the imp might not be slain,
And though the wound soon heal'd again,
Yet as he ran he yell'd for pain;
And Watt of Tinlinn, much aghast,
Rode back to Branksome fiery fast.

XVI

Soon on the hill's steep verge he stood,
That looks o'er Branksome's towers and wood;
And martial murmurs, from below,
Proclaim'd the approaching southern foe.
Through the dark wood, in mingled tone,
Were Border pipes and bugles blown;
The coursers' neighing he could ken,
A measured tread of marching men;
While broke at times the solemn hum,
The Almayn's sullen kettle-drum;
And banners, tall of crimson sheen,
Above the copse appear;
And, glistening through the hawthorns green,
Shine helm, and shield, and spear.

XVII

Light forayers, first, to view the ground,
Spurr'd their fleet coursers loosely round;
Behind, in close array and fast,
The Kendal archers, all in green,
Obedient to the bugle blast,
Advancing from the wood were seen.
To back and guard the archer band,
Lord Dacre's bill-men were at hand:
A hardy race, on Irthing bred,
With kirtles white, and crosses red,
Array'd beneath the banner tall,
That stream'd o'er Acre's conquer'd wall;
And minstrels, as they march'd in order,
Play'd, "Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the Border."

XVIII

Behind the English bill and bow,
The mercenaries, firm and slow,
Moved on to fight, in dark array,
By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,
Who brought the band from distant Rhine,
And sold their blood for foreign pay.
The camp their home, their law the sword,
They knew no country, own'd no lord:
They were not arm'd like England's sons,
But bore the levin-darting guns;
Buff coats, all frounced and 'broider'd o'er,
And morsing-horns and scarfs they wore;

Each better knee was bared, to aid
The warriors in the escalade;
All, as they march'd, in rugged tongue,
Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung.

XIX

But louder still the clamour grew,
And louder still the minstrels blew,
When, from beneath the greenwood tree,
Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry;
His men-at-arms, with glaive and spear,
Brought up the battle's glittering rear,
There many a youthful knight, full keen
To gain his spurs, in arms was seen;
With favour in his crest, or glove,
Memorial of his ladye-love.
So rode they forth in fair array,
Till full their lengthen'd lines display;
Then call'd a halt, and made a stand,
And cried, "St. George, for merry England!"

XX

Now every English eye, intent
On Branksome's armèd towers was bent;
So near they were, that they might know
The straining harsh of each cross-bow;
On battlement and bartisan
Gleam'd axe, and spear, and partisan;
Falcon and culver, on each tower,
Stood prompt their deadly hail to shower;

And flashing armour frequent broke
From eddying whirls of sable smoke,
Where upon tower and turret head,
The seething pitch and molten lead
Reek'd like a witch's caldron red.
While yet they gaze, the bridges fall,
The wicket opes, and from the wall
Rides forth the hoary Seneschal.

XXI

Armèd he rode, all save the head,
His white beard o'er his breast-plate spread;
Unbroke by age, erect his seat,
He ruled his eager courser's gait;
Forced him, with chasten'd fire, to prance,
And high curvetting, slow advance:
In sign of truce, his better hand,
Display'd a peelèd willow wand;
His squire, attending in the rear,
Bore high a gauntlet on a spear.
When they espied him riding out,
Lord Howard and Lord Dacre stout
Sped to the front of their array,
To hear what this old knight should say.

XXII

"Ye English warden lords, of you
Demands the Ladye of Buccleuch,
Why, 'gainst the truce of Border tide,

In hostile guise ye dare to ride,
With Kendal bow and Gilsland brand,
And all yon mercenary band
Upon the bounds of fair Scotland?
My Ladye reads you swith return;
And, if but one poor straw you burn,
Or do our towers so much molest,
As scare one swallow from her nest,
St. Mary! but we'll light a brand
Shall warm your hearths in Cumberland."

XXIII

A wrathful man was Dacre's lord,
But calmer Howard took the word:
"May't please thy Dame, Sir Seneschal,
To seek the castle's outward wall,
Our pursuivant-at-arms shall show
Both why we came, and when we go."
The message sped, the noble Dame
To the wall's outward circle came;
Each chief around lean'd on his spear,
To see the pursuivant appear.
All in Lord Howard's livery dress'd,
The lion argent deck'd his breast;
He led a boy of blooming hue—
O sight to meet a mother's view!
It was the heir of great Buccleuch.
Obeisance meet the herald made,
And thus his master's will he said:—

XXIV

"It irks, high Dame, my noble Lords
'Gainst ladye fair to draw their swords;
But yet they may not tamely see,
All through the Western Wardenry,
Your law-contemning kinsmen ride,
And burn and spoil the Border-side;
And ill beseems your rank and birth
To make your towers a flemens-firth.
We claim from thee William of Deloraine,
That he may suffer march-treason pain.
It was but last St. Cuthbert's even
He prick'd to Stapleton on Leven,
Harried the lands of Richard Musgrave,
And slew his brother by dint of glaive.
Then, since a lone and widow'd Dame
These restless riders may not tame,
Either receive within thy towers
Two hundred of my master's powers,
Or straight they sound their warrison,
And storm and spoil thy garrison:
And this fair boy, to London led,
Shall good King Edward's page be bred."

XXV

He ceased—and loud the boy did cry,
And stretch'd his little arms on high;
Implored for aid each well-known face,
And strove to seek the Dame's embrace.
A moment changed that Ladye's cheer,

Gush'd to her eye the unbidden tear;
She gazed upon the leaders round,
And dark and sad each warrior frown'd;
Then, deep within her sobbing breast
She lock'd the struggling sigh to rest;
Unalter'd and collected stood,
And thus replied, in dauntless mood:—

XXVI

"Say to your Lords of high emprize,
Who war on women and on boys,
That either William of Deloraine
Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-treason stain,
Or else he will the combat take
'Gainst Musgrave, for his honour's sake.
No knight in Cumberland so good,
But William may count with him kin and blood.
Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword,
When English blood swell'd Ancram's ford;
And but Lord Dacre's steed was wight,
And bare him ably in the flight,
Himself had seen him dubb'd a knight.
For the young heir of Branksome's line,
God be his aid, and God be mine;
Through me no friend shall meet his doom;
Here, while I live, no foe finds room.
Then, if thy Lords their purpose urge,
Take our defiance loud and high;
Our slogan is their lyke-wake dirge,
Our moat, the grave where they shall lie."

XXVII

Proud she look'd round, applause to claim—
Then lighten'd Thirlestane's eye of flame;
His bugle Wat of Harden blew;
Pensils and pennons wide were flung,
To heaven the Border-slogan rung,
"St. Mary for the young Buccleuch!"
The English war-cry answer'd wide,
And forward bent each southern spear;
Each Kendal archer made a stride,
And drew the bowstring to his ear;
Each minstrel's war-note loud was blown;—
But, ere a grey-goose shaft had flown,
A horseman gallop'd from the rear.

XXVIII

"Ah! noble Lords!" he breathless said,
"What treason has your march betray'd?
What make you here, from aid so far,
Before you walls, around you war?
Your foemen triumph in the thought
That in the toils the lion's caught.
Already on dark Ruberslaw
The Douglas holds his weapon-schaw;
The lances, waving in his train,
Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain;
And on the Liddel's northern strand,
To bar retreat to Cumberland,
Lord Maxwell ranks his merry men good,
Beneath the eagle and the rood;

And Jedwood, Eske, and Teviotdale,
Have to proud Angus come;
And all the Merse and Lauderdale
Have risen with haughty Home.
An exile from Northumberland,
In Liddesdale I've wander'd long;
But still my heart was with merry England,
And cannot brook my country's wrong;
And hard I've spurr'd all night, to show
The mustering of coming foe."

XXIX

"And let them come!" fierce Dacre cried,
"For soon yon crest, my father's pride,
That swept the shores of Judah's sea,
And waved in gales of Galilee,
From Branksome's highest towers display'd,
Shall mock the rescue's lingering aid!—
Level each harquebuss on row;
Draw, merry archers, draw the bow;
Up, bill-men, to the walls, and cry,
Dacre for England, win or die!"—

XXX

"Yet hear," quoth Howard, "calmly hear,
Nor deem my words the words of fear:
For who, in field or foray slack,
Saw the blanche lion e'er fall back?
But thus to risk our Border flower
In strife against a kingdom's power,

Ten thousand Scots 'gainst thousands three,
Certes, were desperate policy.
Nay, take the terms the Ladye made,
Ere conscious of the advancing aid:
Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine
In single fight, and, if he gain,
He gains for us; but if he's cross'd,
'Tis but a single warrior lost:
The rest, retreating as they came,
Avoid defeat, and death, and shame."

XXXI

Ill could the haughty Dacre brook
His brother Warden's sage rebuke;
And yet his forward step he staid,
And slow and sullenly obey'd.
But ne'er again the Border side
Did these two lords in friendship ride;
And this slight discontent, men say,
Cost blood upon another day.

XXXII

The pursuivant-at-arms again
Before the castle took his stand;
His trumpet call'd, with parleying strain,
The leaders of the Scottish band;
And he defied, in Musgrave's right,
Stout Deloraine to single fight;
A gauntlet at their feet he laid,
And thus the terms of fight he said:—

"If in the lists good Musgrave's sword
Vanquish the Knight of Deloraine,
Your youthful chieftain, Branksome's Lord,
Shall hostage for his clan remain:
If Deloraine foil good Musgrave,
The boy his liberty shall have.
Howe'er it falls, the English band,
Unharming Scots, by Scots unharm'd,
In peaceful march, like men unarm'd,
Shall straight retreat to Cumberland."

XXXIII

Unconscious of the near relief,
The proffer pleased each Scottish chief,
Though much the Ladye sage gainsay'd;
For though their hearts were brave and true,
From Jedwood's recent sack they knew,
How tardy was the Regent's aid:
And you may guess the noble Dame
Durst not the secret prescience own,
Sprung from the art she might not name,
By which the coming help was known.
Closed was the compact, and agreed
That lists should be enclosed with speed,
Beneath the castle, on a lawn:
They fixed the morrow for the strife,
On foot, with Scottish axe and knife,
At the fourth hour from peep of dawn;
When Deloraine, from sickness freed,
Or else a champion in his stead,

Should for himself and chieftain stand,
Against stout Musgrave, hand to hand.

XXXIV

I know right well, that, in their lay,
Full many minstrels sing and say,
Such combat should be made on horse,
On foaming steed, in full career,
With brand to aid, when as the spear
Should shiver in the course:
But he, the jovial Harper, taught
Me, yet a youth, how it was fought,
In guise which now I say;
He knew each ordinance and clause
Of Black Lord Archibald's battle-laws,
In the old Douglas' day.
He brook'd not, he, that scoffing tongue
Should tax his minstrelsy with wrong,
Or call his song untrue:
For this, when they the goblet plied,
And such rude taunt had chafed his pride,
The Bard of Reull he slew.
On Teviot's side, in fight they stood,
And tuneful hands were stain'd with blood;
Where still the thorn's white branches wave
Memorial o'er his rival's grave.

XXXV

Why should I tell the rigid doom,
That dragg'd my master to his tomb,
How Ousenam's maidens tore their hair,

Wept till their eyes were dead and dim,
And wrung their hands for love of him,
  Who died at Jedwood Air?
He died!—his scholars, one by one,
To the cold, silent grave are gone;
And I, alas! survive alone,
To muse o'er rivalries of yore,
And grieve that I shall hear no more
The strains, with envy heard before;
For, with my minstrel brethren fled,
My jealousy of song is dead.

(*Interlude*)

He paused: the listening dames again
Applaud the hoary Minstrel's strain.
With many a word of kindly cheer,—
In pity half, and half sincere,—
Marvell'd the Duchess how so well
His legendary song could tell—
Of ancient deeds, so long forgot;
Of feuds, whose memory was not;
Of forests, now laid waste and bare;
Of towers, which harbour now the hare;
Of manners, long since changed and gone;
Of chiefs, who under their grey stone
So long had slept, that fickle Fame
Had blotted from her rolls their name,
And twined round some new minion's head
The fading wreath for which they bled;
In sooth, 'twas strange, this old man's verse
Could call them from their marble hearse.

The Harper smiled, well pleased; for ne'er
Was flattery lost on Poet's ear:
A simple race! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile;
E'en when in age their flame expires,
Her dulcet breath can fan its fires:
Their drooping fancy wakes at praise,
And strives to trim the short-lived blaze.
Smiled then, well pleased, the Aged Man,
And thus his tale continued ran.

CANTO FIFTH

I

Call it not vain:—they do not err,
Who say, that when the Poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies:
Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,
For the departed Bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

II

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
Those things inanimate can mourn;
But that the stream, the wood, the gale
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those, who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song,
And, with the poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feels a second death.
The Maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,

That love, true love, should be forgot,
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
Upon the gentle Minstrel's bier:
The phantom Knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heap'd with dead;
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
And shrieks along the battle-plain.
The Chief, whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,
His ashes undistinguish'd lie,
His place, his power, his memory die:
His groans the lonely caverns fill,
His tears of rage impel the rill:
All mourn the Minstrel's harp unstrung,
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

III

Scarcely the hot assault was staid,
The terms of truce were scarcely made,
When they could spy, from Branksome's towers,
The advancing march of martial powers,
Thick clouds of dust afar appear'd,
And trampling steeds were faintly heard;
Bright spears, above the columns dun,
Glanced momentary to the sun;
And feudal banners fair display'd
The bands that moved to Branksome's aid.

IV

Vails not to tell each hardy clan,
From the fair Middle Marches came;
The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,
Announcing Douglas, dreaded name!
Vails not to tell what steeds did spurn,
Where the Seven Spears of Wedderburne
Their men in battle-order set;
And Swinton laid the lance in rest,
That tamed of yore the sparkling crest
Of Clarence's Plantagenet.
Nor list I say what hundreds more,
From the rich Merse and Lammermore,
And Tweed's fair borders, to the war,
Beneath the crest of Old Dunbar,
And Hepburn's mingled banners come,
Down the steep mountain glittering far,
And shouting still, "A Home! a Home!"

V

Now squire and knight, from Branksome sent,
On many a courteous message went;
To every chief and lord they paid
Meet thanks for prompt and powerful aid;
And told them,—how a truce was made,
And how a day of fight was ta'en
'Twixt Musgrave and stout Deloraine;
And how the Ladye pray'd them dear,
That all would stay the fight to see,
And deign, in love and courtesy,

To taste of Branksome cheer.
Nor, while they bade to feast each Scot,
Were England's noble Lords forgot.
Himself, the hoary Seneschal
Rode forth in seemly terms to call
Those gallant foes to Branksome Hall.
Accepted Howard, than whom knight
Was never dubb'd, more bold in fight;
Nor, when from war and armour free,
More famed for stately courtesy:
But angry Dacre rather chose
In his pavilion to repose.

VI

Now, noble Dame, perchance you ask,
How these two hostile armies met?
Deeming it were no easy task
To keep the truce which here was set;
Where martial spirits, all on fire,
Breathed only blood and mortal ire.—
By mutual inroads, mutual blows,
By habit, and by nation, foes,
They met on Teviot's strand;
They met and sate them mingled down,
Without a threat, without a frown,
As brothers meet in foreign land:
The hands, the spear that lately grasp'd,
Still in the mailèd gauntlet clasp'd,
Were interchanged in greeting dear;
Visors were raised, and faces shown,

And many a friend, to friend made known,
Partook of social cheer.
Some drove the jolly bowl about;
With dice and draughts some chased the day;
And some, with many a merry shout,
In riot, revelry, and rout,
Pursued the foot-ball play.

VII

Yet, be it known, had bugles blown,
Or sign of war been seen,
Those bands so fair together ranged,
Those hands, so frankly interchanged,
Had dyed with gore the green:
The merry shout by Teviot side
Had sunk in war cries wild and wide,
And in the groan of death;
And whingers, now in friendship bare,
The social meal to part and share,
Had found a bloody sheath.
'Twixt truce and war, such sudden change
Was not infrequent, nor held strange,
In the old Border-day:
But yet on Branksome's towers and town,
In peaceful merriment, sunk down
The sun's declining ray.

VIII

The blithesome signs of wassel gay,
Decay'd not with the dying day;
Soon through the latticed windows tall

Of lofty Branksome's lordly hall,
Divided square by shafts of stone,
Huge flakes of ruddy lustre shone;
Nor less the gilded rafters rang
With merry harp and beakers' clang:
And frequent, on the darkening plain,
Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,
As bands, their stragglers to regain,
Give the shrill watchword of their clan;
And revellers, o'er their bowls proclaim
Douglas' or Dacre's conquering name.

IX

Less frequent heard, and fainter still,
At length the various clamours died:
And you might hear, from Branksome hill,
No sound but Teviot's rushing tide;
Save when the changing sentinel
The challenge of his watch could tell;
And save, where, through the dark profound,
The clanging axe and hammers sound
Rung from the nether lawn;
For many a busy hand toil'd there,
Strong pales to shape, and beams to square,
The lists' dread barriers to prepare
Against the morrow's dawn.

X

Margaret from hall did soon retreat,
Despite the Dame's reproving eye;
Nor mark'd she, as she left her seat,

Full many a stifled sigh;
For many a noble warrior strove
To win the flower of Teviot's love,
And many a bold ally.—
With throbbing head and anxious heart,
All in her lonely bower apart,
In broken sleep she lay:
By times, from silken couch she rose;
While yet the banner'd hosts repose,
She view'd the dawning day:
Of all the hundreds sunk to rest,
First woke the loveliest and the best.

XI

She gazed upon the inner court,
Which in the tower's tall shadow lay;
Where coursers' clang, and stamp, and snort,
Had rung the livelong yesterday:
Now still as death; till stalking slow,—
The jingling spurs announced his tread,—
A stately warrior pass'd below;
But when he raised his plumed head—
Blessed Mary! can it be?—
Secure, as if in Ousenam bowers,
He walks through Branksome's hostile towers,
With fearless step and free.
She dared not sign, she dared not speak—
Oh! if one page's slumbers break,
His blood the price must pay!
Not all the pearls Queen Mary wears,

Not Margaret's yet more precious tears,
Shall buy his life a day.

XII

Yet was his hazard small; for well
You may bethink you of the spell
Of that sly urchin page;
This to his lord he did impart,
And made him seem, by glamour art,
A knight from Hermitage.
Unchallenged thus, the warder's post,
The court, unchallenged, thus he cross'd
For all the vassalage:
But O! what magic's quaint disguise
Could blind fair Margaret's azure eyes!
She started from her seat;
While with surprise and fear she strove,
And both could scarcely master love—
Lord Henry's at her feet.

XIII

Oft have I mused, what purpose bad
That foul malicious urchin had
To bring this meeting round;
For happy love's a heavenly sight,
And by a vile malignant sprite
In such no joy is found;
And oft I've deem'd, perchance he thought
Their erring passion might have wrought
Sorrow, and sin, and shame;

And death to Cranstoun's gallant Knight,
And to the gentle ladye bright,
  Disgrace and loss of fame.
But earthly spirit could not tell
The heart of them that loved so well.
True love's the gift that God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven:
  It is not fantasy's hot fire,
    Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
  It liveth not in fierce desire,
    With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.—
Now leave we Margaret and her Knight,
To tell you of the approaching fight.

XIV

Their warning blasts the bugles blew,
  The pipe's shrill port aroused each clan;
In haste, the deadly strife to view,
  The trooping warriors eager ran:
Thick round the lists their lances stood,
Like blasted pines in Ettrick wood;
To Branksome many a look they threw,
The combatants' approach to view,
And bandied many a word of boast,
About the knight each favour'd most.

XV

Meantime full anxious was the Dame;
For now arose disputed claim,
Of who should fight for Deloraine,
'Twixt Harden and 'twixt Thirlestane:
They 'gan to reckon kin and rent,
And frowning brow on brow was bent;
But yet not long the strife—for, lo!
Himself, the Knight of Deloraine,
Strong as it seem'd, and free from pain,
In armour sheathed from top to toe,
Appear'd and craved the combat due.
The Dame her charm successful knew,
And the fierce chiefs their claims withdrew

XVI

When for the lists they sought the plain,
The stately Ladye's silken rein
Did noble Howard hold;
Unarmed by her side he walk'd,
And much, in courteous phrase, they talk'd
Of feats of arms of old.
Costly his garb—his Flemish ruff
Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of buff,
With satin slash'd and lined;
Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,
His cloak was all of Poland fur,
His hose with silver twined;
His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,
Hung in a broad and studded belt;

Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still
Call'd noble Howard, Belted Will.

XVII

Behind Lord Howard and the Dame,
Fair Margaret on her palfrey came,
Whose foot-cloth swept the ground:
White was her wimple, and her veil,
And her loose locks a chaplet pale
Of whitest roses bound;
The lordly Angus, by her side,
In courtesy to cheer her tried;
Without his aid, her hand in vain
Had strove to guide her broider'd rein.
He deem'd, she shudder'd at the sight
Of warriors met for mortal fight;
But cause of terror, all unguess'd,
Was fluttering in her gentle breast
When in their chairs of crimson placed,
The Dame and she the barriers graced.

XVIII

Prize of the field, the young Buccleuch,
An English knight led forth to view;
Scarce rued the boy his present plight,
So much he long'd to see the fight.
Within the lists, in knightly pride,
High Home and haughty Dacre ride;
Their leading staffs of steel they wield,
As marshals of the mortal field;

While to each knight their care assign'd
Like vantage of the sun and wind.
Then heralds hoarse did loud proclaim,
In King and Queen, and Warden's name,
That none, while lasts the strife,
Should dare, by look, or sign, or word,
Aid to a champion to afford,
On peril of his life;
And not a breath the silence broke,
Till thus the alternate Heralds spoke:—

XIX

ENGLISH HERALD

"Here standeth Richard of Musgrave,
Good knight and true, and freely born,
Amends from Deloraine to crave,
For foul despiteous scathe and scorn.
He sayeth that William of Deloraine
Is traitor false by Border laws;
This with his sword he will maintain,
So help him God, and his good cause!"

XX

SCOTTISH HERALD

"Here standeth William of Deloraine,
Good knight and true, of noble strain,
Who sayeth, that foul treason's stain,
Since he bore arms, ne'er soil'd his coat;
And that, so help him God above!

He will on Musgrave's body prove,
He lies most foully in his throat."

LORD DACRE

"Forward, brave champions, to the fight!
Sound trumpets!"——

LORD HOME

——"God defend the right!"—
Then, Teviot! how thine echoes rang,
When bugle-sound and trumpet clang
Let loose the martial foes,
And in mid-list, with shield poised high,
And measured step and wary eye,
The combatants did close.

XXI

Ill would it suit your gentle ear,
Ye lovely listeners, to hear
How to the axe the helms did sound,
And blood pour'd down from many a wound;
For desperate was the strife and long,
And either warrior fierce and strong.
But were each dame a listening knight,
I well could tell how warriors fight!
For I have seen war's lightning flashing,
Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing,
Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing,
And scorn'd, amid the reeling strife,
To yield a step for death or life.—

XXII

'Tis done, 'tis done! that fatal blow
Has stretched him on the bloody plain;
He strives to rise—Brave Musgrave, no!
Thence never shalt thou rise again!
He chokes in blood—some friendly hand
Undo the visor's barred band,
Unfix the gorget's iron clasp,
And give him room for life to gasp!—
O, bootless aid!—haste, holy Friar,
Haste, ere the sinner shall expire!
Of all his guilt let him be shriven,
And smooth his path from earth to heaven!

XXIII

In haste the holy Friar sped;—
His naked foot was dyed with red,
As through the lists he ran;
Unmindful of the shouts on high,
That hail'd the conqueror's victory,
He raised the dying man;
Loose waved his silver beard and hair,
As o'er him he kneel'd down in prayer;
And still the crucifix on high
He holds before his darkening eye;
And still he bends an anxious ear,
His faltering penitence to hear;
Still props him from the bloody sod,
Still, even when soul and body part,
Pours ghostly comfort on his heart,

And bids him trust in God!
Unheard he prays;—the death-pang's o'er!
Richard of Musgrave breathes no more.

XXIV

As if exhausted in the fight,
Or musing o'er the piteous sight,
The silent victor stands;
His beaver did he not unclasp,
Mark'd not the shouts, felt not the grasp
Of gratulating hands.
When lo! strange cries of wild surprise,
Mingled with seeming terror, rise
Among the Scottish bands;
And all, amid the throng'd array,
In panic haste gave open way
To a half-naked ghastly man,
Who downward from the castle ran:
He cross'd the barriers at a bound,
And wild and haggard look'd around,
As dizzy, and in pain;
And all, upon the armèd ground,
Knew William of Deloraine!
Each ladye sprung from seat with speed;
Vaulted each marshal from his steed;
"And who art thou," they cried,
"Who hast this battle fought and won?"—
His plumèd helm was soon undone—
"Cranstoun of Teviot-side!

For this fair prize I've fought and won,"—
And to the Ladye led her son.

XXV

Full oft the rescued boy she kiss'd,
And often press'd him to her breast;
For, under all her dauntless show,
Her heart had throbbed at every blow;
Yet not Lord Cranstoun deign'd she greet,
Though low he kneelèd at her feet.
Me lists not tell what words were made,
What Douglas, Home, and Howard said—
—For Howard was a generous foe—
And how the clan united pray'd
The Ladye would the feud forgo,
And deign to bless the nuptial hour
Of Cranstoun's Lord and Teviot's Flower.

XXVI

She look'd to river, look'd to hill,
Thought on the Spirit's prophecy,
Then broke her silence stern and still,—
"Not you, but Fate, has vanquish'd me.
Their influence kindly stars may shower
On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower,
For pride is quell'd, and love is free."—
She took fair Margaret by the hand,
Who, breathless, trembling, scarce might stand;
That hand to Cranstoun's lord gave she:—

"As I am true to thee and thine,
Do thou be true to me and mine!
This clasp of love our bond shall be;
For this is your betrothing day,
And all these noble lords shall stay,
To grace it with their company."—

XXVII

All as they left the listed plain,
Much of the story she did gain;
How Cranstoun fought with Deloraine,
And of his page, and of the Book
Which from the wounded knight he took;
And how he sought her castle high,
That morn, by help of gramarye;
How, in Sir William's armour dight,
Stolen by the page, while slept the knight,
He took on him the single fight.
But half his tale he left unsaid,
And linger'd till he join'd the maid.—
Cared not the Ladye to betray
Her mystic arts in view of day;
But well she thought, ere midnight came,
Of that strange page the pride to tame,
From his foul hands the Book to save,
And send it back to Michael's grave.—
Needs not to tell each tender word
'Twixt Margaret and 'twixt Cranstoun's lord;
Nor how she told of former woes,
And how her bosom fell and rose,

While he and Musgrave bandied blows.—
Needs not these lover's joys to tell:
One day, fair maids, you'll know them well.

XXVIII

William of Deloraine, some chance
Had waken'd from his deathlike trance;
And taught that, in the listed plain,
Another, in his arms and shield,
Against fierce Musgrave axe did wield,
Under the name of Deloraine.
Hence, to the field, unarm'd, he ran,
And hence his presence scared the clan,
Who held him for some fleeting wraith,
And not a man of blood and breath.
Not much this new ally he loved,
Yet, when he saw what hap had proved,
He greeted him right heartilie:
He would not waken old debate,
For he was void of rancorous hate,
Though rude, and scant of courtesy;
In raids he spilt but seldom blood,
Unless when men-at-arms withstood,
Or, as was meet, for deadly feud.
He ne'er bore grudge for stalwart blow,
Ta'en in fair fight from gallant foe:
And so 't was seen of him, e'en now.
When on dead Musgrave he look'd down;
Grief darkened on his rugged brow,
Though half disguised with a frown;

And thus, while sorrow bent his head,
His foeman's epitaph he made.

XXIX

"Now, Richard Musgrave, liest thou here!
I ween, my deadly enemy;
For, if I slew thy brother dear,
Thou slew'st a sister's son to me;
And when I lay in dungeon dark,
Of Naworth Castle, long months three,
Till ransom'd for a thousand mark,
Dark Musgrave, it was long of thee.
And, Musgrave, could our fight be tried,
And thou wert now alive, as I,
No mortal man should us divide,
Till one, or both of us, did die;
Yet rest thee God! for well I know
I ne'er shall find a nobler foe.
In all the northern counties here,
Whose word is Snaffle, spur, and spear,
Thou wert the best to follow gear!
'T was pleasure, as we look'd behind,
To see how thou the chase could'st wind,
Cheer the dark blood-hound on his way,
And with the bugle rouse the fray!
I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
Dark Musgrave were alive again."—

XXX

So mourn'd he, till Lord Dacre's band
Were bowning back to Cumberland.

They raised brave Musgrave from the field,
And laid him on his bloody shield;
On levell'd lances, four and four,
By turns, the noble burden bore
Before, at times, upon the gale,
Was heard the Minstrel's plaintive wail
Behind, four priests, in sable stole,
Sung requiem for the warrior's soul:
Around, the horsemen slowly rode;
With trailing pikes the spearmen trode;
And thus the gallant knight they bore,
Through Liddesdale to Leven's shore;
Thence to Holme Coltrame's lofty nave,
And laid him in his father's grave.

(*Interlude*)

The harp's wild notes, though hush'd the song,
The mimic march of death prolong;
Now seems it far, and now a-near,
Now meets, and now eludes the ear;
Now seems some mountain side to sweep,
Now faintly dies in valley deep;
Seems now as if the Minstrel's wail,
Now the sad requiem, loads the gale;
Last o'er the warrior's closing grave,
Rung the full choir in choral stave.

After due pause, they bade him tell
Why he, who touch'd the harp so well,
Should thus, with ill-rewarded toil,

Wander a poor and thankless soil,
When the more generous Southern Land
Would well requite his skilful hand.

The Aged Harper, howsoe'er
His only friend, his harp, was dear,
Liked not to hear it rank'd so high
Above his flowing poesy:
Less liked he still, that scornful jeer
Misprised the land he loved so dear;
High was the sound, as thus again
The Bard resumed his minstrel strain.

CANTO SIXTH

I

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
  From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

II

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand

Can ere untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems, as to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my wither'd cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,
Though there forgotten, and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

III

Not scorn'd like me! to Branksome Hall
The Minstrels came at festive call;
Trooping they came, from near and far,
The jovial priests of mirth and war;
Alike for feast and fight prepared,
Battle and banquet both they shared.
Of late, before each martial clan,
They blew their death-note in the van,
But now, for every merry mate,
Rose the portcullis' iron grate;
They sound the pipe, they strike the string,
They dance, they revel, and they sing,
Till the rude turrets shake and ring.

IV

Me lists not at this tide declare
The splendour of the spousal rite,
How muster'd in the chapel fair
Both maid and matron, squire and knight;
Me lists not tell of owches rare,
Of mantles green, and braided hair,
And kirtles furr'd with miniver;
What plumage waved the altar round,
How spurs and ringing chainlets sound;
And hard it were for bard to speak
The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek;
That lovely hue which comes and flies,
As awe and shame alternate rise!

V

Some bards have sung, the Ladye high
Chapel or altar came not nigh;
Nor durst the rites of spousal grace,
So much she fear'd each holy place.
False slanders these:—I trust right well
She wrought not by forbidden spell;
For mighty words and signs have power
O'er sprites in planetary hour:
Yet scarce I praise their venturous part
Who tamper with such dangerous art.
But this for faithful truth I say,
The Ladye by the altar stood,
Of sable velvet her array,
And on her head a crimson hood,

With pearls embroider'd and entwined,
Guarded with gold, with ermine lined;
A merlin sat upon her wrist
Held by a leash of silken twist.

VI

The spousal rites were ended soon:
'Twas now the merry hour of noon,
And in the lofty arched hall
Was spread the gorgeous festival.
Steward and squire, with heedful haste,
Marshall'd the rank of every guest;
Pages, with ready blade, were there,
The mighty meal to carve and share:
O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,
And princely peacock's gilded train,
And o'er the boar-head, garnish'd brave,
And cygnet from St. Mary's wave;
O'er ptarmigan and venison,
The priest had spoke his benison.
Then rose the riot and the din,
Above, beneath, without, within!
For, from the lofty balcony,
Rung trumpet, shalm, and psaltery:
Their clanging bowls old warriors quaff'd,
Loudly they spoke, and loudly laugh'd;
Whisper'd young knights, in tone more mild,
To ladies fair, and ladies smiled.
The hooded hawks, high perch'd on beam,
The clamour join'd, with whistling scream,

And flapp'd their wings, and shook their bells,
In concert with the stag-hounds' yells.
Round go the flasks of ruddy wine,
From Bordeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine;
Their tasks the busy sewers ply,
And all is mirth and revelry.

VII

The Goblin Page, omitting still
No opportunity of ill,
Strove now while blood ran hot and high,
To rouse debate and jealousy;
Till Conrad, Lord of Wolfenstein,
By nature fierce, and warm with wine,
And now in humour highly cross'd,
About some steeds his band had lost,
High words to words succeeding still,
Smote with his gauntlet, stout Hunthill;
A hot and hardy Rutherford,
Whom men call Dickon Draw-the-sword.
He took it on the page's saye,
Hunthill had driven these steeds away.
Then Howard, Home, and Douglas rose,
The kindling discord to compose:
Stern Rutherford right little said,
But bit his glove, and shook his head.—
A fortnight thence, in Inglewood,
Stout Conrad, cold, and drench'd in blood,
His bosom gored with many a wound,
Was by a woodman's lyme-dog found;

Unknown the manner of his death,
Gone was his brand, both sword and sheath;
But ever from that time, 'twas said,
That Dickon wore a Cologne blade.

VIII

The dwarf, who fear'd his master's eye
Might his foul treachery espy,
Now sought the castle buttery,
Where many a yeoman, bold and free,
Revell'd as merrily and well
As those that sat in lordly selle.
Watt Tinlinn, there did frankly raise
The pledge to Arthur Fire-the-Braes;
And he, as by his breeding bound,
To Howard's merry-men sent it round.
To quit them, on the English side,
Red Roland Forster loudly cried,
"A deep carouse to yon fair bride!"—
At every pledge, from vat and pail,
Foam'd forth in floods the nut-brown ale;
While shout the riders every one:
Such day of mirth ne'er cheer'd their clan,
Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,
When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en.

IX

The wily page, with vengeful thought,
Remember'd him of Tinlinn's yew,
And swore it should be dearly bought

That ever he the arrow drew.
First, he the yeoman did molest,
With bitter gibe and taunting jest;
Told, how he fled at Solway strife,
And how Hob Armstrong cheer'd his wife;
Then, shunning still, his powerful arm,
At unawares he wrought him harm;
From trencher stole his choicest cheer,
Dash'd from his lips his can of beer;
Then, to his knee sly creeping on,
With bodkin pierced him to the bone:
The venom'd wound, and festering joint,
Long after rued that bodkin's point.
The startled yeoman swore and spurn'd,
And board and flagons overturn'd.
Riot and clamour wild began;
Back to the hall the Urchin ran;
Took in a darkling nook, his post,
And grinn'd and mutter'd, "Lost! lost! lost!"

X

By this, the Dame, lest farther fray
Should mar the concord of the day,
Had bid the Minstrels tune their lay.
And first stept forth old Albert Græme,
The Minstrel of that ancient name:
Was none who struck the harp so well,
Within the Land Debateable;
Well friended, too, his hardy kin,
Whoever lost, were sure to win;

They sought the beeves that made their broth,
In Scotland and in England both.
In homely guise, as nature bade,
His simple song the Borderer said.

XI

ALBERT GRÆME

It was an English ladye bright,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
And she would marry a Scottish knight,
For Love will still be lord of all.

Blithely they saw the rising sun,
When he shone fair on Carlisle wall;
But they were sad ere day was done,
Though Love was still the lord of all.

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
For ire that Love was lord of all.

For she had lands, both meadow and lea,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;
And he swore her death, ere he would see
A Scottish knight the lord of all!

XII

That wine she had not tasted well,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
When dead, in her true love's arms, she fell,
For Love was still the lord of all!

He pierced her brother to the heart,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall:—
So perish all would true love part,
That Love may still be lord of all!

And then he took the cross divine,
(Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
And died for her sake in Palestine,
So Love was still the lord of all.

Now, all ye lovers, that faithful prove,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
Pray for their souls who died for love,
For Love shall still be lord of all!

XIII

As ended Albert's simple lay,
Arose a bard of loftier port;
For sonnet, rhyme, and roundelay,
Renown'd in haughty Henry's court;
There rung thy harp, unrivall'd long,
Fitztraver of the silver song!
The gentle Surrey loved his lyre—
Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?
His was the hero's soul of fire,
And his the bard's immortal name,
And his was love exalted high
By all the glow of chivalry.

XIV

They sought, together, climes afar,
And oft, within some olive grove,

When even came with twinkling star,
They sung of Surrey's absent love.
His step the Italian peasant stay'd,
And deem'd that spirits from on high,
Round where some hermit saint was laid,
Were breathing heavenly melody;
So sweet did harp and voice combine,
To praise the name of Geraldine.

XV

Fitztraver! O what tongue may say
The pangs thy faithful bosom knew,
When Surrey, of the deathless lay,
Ungrateful Tudor's sentence slew?
Regardless of the tyrant's frown,
His harp call'd wrath and vengeance down.
He left, for Naworth's iron towers,
Windsor's green glades, and courtly bowers,
And faithful to his patron's name,
With Howard still Fitztraver came;
Lord William's foremost favourite he,
And chief of all his minstrelsy.

XVI

FITZTRAVER

'Twas All-soul's eve, and Surrey's heart beat high;
He heard the midnight bell with anxious start,
Which told the mystic hour, approaching nigh,
When wise Cornelius promised, by his art,

To show to him the ladye of his heart,
Albeit betwixt them roar'd the ocean grim;
Yet so the sage had hight to play his part,
That he should see her form in life and limb,
And mark, if still she loved, and still she thought of him.

XVII

Dark was the vaulted room of gramarye,
To which the wizard led the gallant Knight,
Save that before a mirror, huge and high,
A hallow'd taper shed a glimmering light
On mystic implements of magic might;
On cross, and character, and talisman,
And almagest, and altar, nothing bright:
For fitful was the lustre, pale and wan,
As watchlight by the bed of some departing man.

XVIII

But soon, within that mirror huge and high,
Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam;
And forms upon its breast the Earl 'gan spy,
Cloudy and indistinct, as feverish dream;
Till, slow arranging, and defined, they seem
To form a lordly and a lofty room,
Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,
Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,
And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid in gloom.

XIX

Fair all the pageant—but how passing fair
The slender form, which lay on couch of Ind!
O'er her white bosom stray'd her hazel hair,
Pale her dear cheek, as if her love she pined;
All in her night robe loose she lay reclined,
And, pensive, read from tablet eburnine,
Some strain that seem'd her inmost soul to find:—
That favour'd strain was Surrey's raptured line,
That fair and lovely form, the Lady Geraldine.

XX

Slow roll'd the clouds upon the lovely form,
And swept the goodly vision all away—
So royal envy roll'd the murky storm
O'er my beloved Master's glorious day.
Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant! Heaven repay
On thee, and on thy children's latest line,
The wild caprice of thy despotic sway,
The gory bridal bed, the plunder'd shrine,
The murder'd Surrey's blood, the tears of Geraldine!

XXI

Both Scots, and Southern chiefs, prolong
Applauses of Fitztraver's song;
These hated Henry's name as death,
And those still held the ancient faith.—
Then from his seat, with lofty air,

Rose Harold, bard of brave St. Clair;
St. Clair, who, feasting high at home,
Had with that lord to battle come.
Harold was born where restless seas
Howl round the storm-swept Orcades;
Where erst St. Clairs held princely sway
O'er isle and islet, strait and bay;—
Still nods their palace to its fall,
Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall!—
Thence oft he mark'd fierce Pentland rave,
As if grim Odin rode her wave;
And watch'd, the whilst, with visage pale,
And throbbing heart, the struggling sail;
For all of wonderful and wild
Had rapture for the lonely child.

XXII

And much of wild and wonderful
In these rude isles might fancy cull;
For thither came, in times afar,
Stern Lochlin's sons of roving war,
The Norsemen, train'd to spoil and blood,
Skill'd to prepare the raven's food;
Kings of the main their leaders brave,
Their barks the dragons of the wave.
And there, in many a stormy vale,
The Scald had told his wondrous tale;
And many a Runic column high
Had witness'd grim idolatry.
And thus had Harold, in his youth,

Learn'd many a Saga's rhyme uncouth,—
Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous curl'd,
Whose monstrous circle girds the world;
Of those dread Maids, whose hideous yell
Maddens the battles bloody swell;
Of Chiefs, who, guided through the gloom
By the pale death-lights of the tomb,
Ransack'd the graves of warriors old,
Their falchions wrench'd from corpses' hold,
Waked the deaf tomb with war's alarms,
And bade the dead arise to arms!
With war and wonder all on flame,
To Roslin's bowers young Harold came,
Where, by sweet glen and greenwood tree,
He learn'd a milder minstrelsy;
Yet something of the Northern spell
Mix'd with the softer numbers well.

XXIII

HAROLD

O listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

—"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with white:
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

"Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch:
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"—

" 'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle hall.

" 'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle."—

O'er Roslin all that dreary night,
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moon-beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie;
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell:
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle

XXIV

So sweet was Harold's piteous lay,
Scarce mark'd the guests the darkened hall,
Though, long before the sinking day,
A wondrous shade involved them all:
It was not eddying mist or fog,
Drain'd by the sun from fen or bog;
Of no eclipse had sages told;
And yet, as it came on apace,
Each one could scarce his neighbour's face,
Could scarce his own stretch'd hand behold.
A secret horror check'd the feast,

And chill'd the soul of every guest;
E'en the high Dame stood half aghast,
She knew some evil on the blast;
The elvish page fell to the ground,
And, shuddering, mutter'd, "Found! found! found!"

XXV

Then sudden, through the darken'd air,
A flash of lightning came;
So broad, so bright, so red the glare,
The castle seem'd on flame.
Glanced every rafter of the hall,
Glanced every shield upon the wall;
Each trophied beam, each sculptured stone,
Were instant seen, and instant gone;
Full through the guests' bedazzled band
Resistless flashed the levin-brand,
And fill'd the hall with smouldering smoke,
As on the elvish page it broke.
It broke with thunder long and loud,
Dismay'd the brave, appall'd the proud,—
From sea to sea the larum rung;
On Berwick wall, and at Carlisle withal
To arms the startled warders sprung.
When ended was the dreadful roar,
The elvish dwarf was seen no more!

XXVI

Some heard a voice in Branksome Hall,
Some saw a sight, not seen by all;

That dreadful voice was heard by some,
Cry, with loud summons, "GYLBIN, COME!"
And on the spot where burst the brand,
Just where the page had flung him down,
Some saw an arm, and some a hand,
And some the waving of a gown.
The guests in silence pray'd and shook,
And terror dimm'd each lofty look.
But none of all the astonish'd train
Was so dismay'd as Deloraine;
His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,
'Twas fear'd his mind would ne'er return;
For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
Like him of whom the story ran,
Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man.
At length, by fits, he darkly told,
With broken hint, and shuddering cold—
That he had seen, right certainly,
A shape with amice wrapp'd around,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
Like pilgrim from beyond the sea;
And knew—but how it matter'd not—
It was the wizard, Michael Scott.

XXVII

The anxious crowd, with horror pale,
All trembling heard the wondrous tale;
No sound was made, no word was spoke,
Till noble Angus silence broke;
And he a solemn, sacred plight

Did to St. Bride of Douglas make,
That he a pilgrimage would take,
To Melrose Abbey, for the sake
Of Michael's restless sprite.
Then each, to ease his troubled breast,
To some bless'd saint his prayers address'd:
Some to St. Modan made their vows,
Some to St. Mary of the Lowes,
Some to the Holy Rood of Lisle,
Some to our Ladye of the Isle;
Each did his patron witness make,
That he such pilgrimage would take,
And monks should sing, and bells should toll,
All for the weal of Michael's soul.
While vows were ta'en, and prayers were pray'd,
'Tis said the noble dame, dismay'd,
Renounced, for aye, dark magic's aid.

XXVIII

Nought of the bridal will I tell,
Which after in short space befell;
Nor how brave sons and daughters fair
Bless'd Teviot's Flower, and Cranstoun's heir:
After such dreadful scene, 'twere vain
To wake the note of mirth again.
More meet it were to mark the day
Of penitence and prayer divine,
When pilgrim-chiefs, in sad array,
Sought Melrose' holy shrine.

XXIX

With naked foot, and sackcloth vest,
And arms enfolded on his breast,
Did every pilgrim go;
The standers-by might hear uneath,
Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath,
Through all the lengthen'd row:
No lordly look, nor martial stride,
Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,
Forgotten their renown;
Silent and slow, like ghosts they glide
To the high altar's hallow'd side,
And there they knelt them down:
Above the suppliant chieftains wave
The banners of departed brave;
Beneath the letter'd stones were laid
The ashes of their fathers dead;
From many a garnish'd niche around,
Stern saints and tortured martyrs frown'd.

XXX

And slow up the dim aisle afar,
With sable cowl and scapular,
And snow-white stoles, in order due,
The holy Fathers, two and two,
In long procession came;
Taper and host, and book they bare,
And holy banner flourish'd fair
With the Redeemer's name.
Above the prostrate pilgrim band

The mitred Abbot stretch'd his hand,
And bless'd them as they kneel'd;
With holy cross he sign'd them all,
And pray'd they might be sage in hall,
And fortunate in field.
Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead;
And bells toll'd out their mighty peal,
For the departed spirit's weal;
And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose;
And far the echoing aisles prolong
The awful burthen of the song—
'DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA,
SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA;
While the pealing organ rung;
Were it meet with sacred strain
To close my lay so light and vain,
Thus the holy Fathers sung.

XXXI

HYMN FOR THE DEAD

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?
When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

(*Epilogue*)

Hush'd is the harp—the Minstrel gone.
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No; close beneath proud Newark's tower,
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower;
A simple hut; but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There shelter'd wanderers, by the blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days;
For much he loved to ope his door
And give the aid he begg'd before.
So pass'd the winter's day; but still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath;
When throstles sung in Harehead-shaw,
And corn was green on Carterhaugh,
And flourish'd, broad, Blackandro's oak,
The aged Harper's soul awoke!
Then he would sing achievements high
And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the rapt traveler would stay,

Forgetful of the closing day;
And noble youths, the strain to hear,
Forsook the hunting of the deer;
And Yarrow as he roll'd along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

THE BORDERLAND OF ENGLAND and SCOTLAND
NORTH SEA
FIRTH OF FORTH
EDINBURGH
HADDINGTON
Hallton Hill
BERWICK
Tweed
Melrose
ROXBURGH
Hawick
Warkworth
Braxholm
NORTHUMBERLAND
Tyne
TIDDES DALE
Esk
Liddel
DURHAM
YORK
ENGLAND
CUMBERLAND
Nawworth
Carlisle
DUMFRIES
KIRKCUDBRIGHT
WIGTOWN
IRISH SEA
SOLWAY FIRTH
RENFREW
LANARK
Clyde
Ayr
Doon
Annan
Esk
Eltrick
SELKIRK
PEEBLES

NOTES

INTRODUCTION

20. *A stranger fill'd the Stuarts' throne.* In 1689 William of Orange ascended the throne of England as William III.

21-22. *The bigots of the iron time*, etc. The reference is to the denunciation of all amusements by the Puritans during Cromwell's protectorate.

26. *A king had loved to hear.* Charles I. See l. 80.

37. *The Duchess.* Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, representative of the ancient family of Buccleuch, was the owner of Newark Castle. She was the widow of James, Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded on charge of treason by order of James II. in 1685.

49. *Earl Francis.* Francis Scott, Earl of Buccleuch, father of the Duchess.

50. *Earl Walter.* Walter Scott, Earl of Buccleuch, grandfather of the Duchess.

80-81. *He had play'd it*, etc. When Charles I. visited Scotland in 1633, he resided at the royal palace of Holyrood in Edinburgh. About what age may we judge the Minstrel to be if he had played for King Charles nearly sixty years before the probable date (1689) of his present performance?

CANTO FIRST

I, 2. *The Ladye.* The owner of the castle, designated as "the Ladye" throughout the poem, is the widow of Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, Warden of the West Marches. See note on VII, 7. Why is the form "Ladye" used?

3-4. *By word and by spell*, etc. Lady Buccleuch was highly intellectual and was believed to have inherited supernatural knowledge and

magical powers. See Canto I, Stanza XI; also Editor's Introduction, p. 49.

VI, 9. "Branksome Castle," says Sir Walter Scott, "was continually exposed to the attacks of the English, both from its situation, and the restless military disposition of its inhabitants, who were seldom on good terms with their neighbors."

10. See map, p. 182.

VII, 7. *Lord Walter.* Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, slain in the streets of Edinburgh, 1552, while leading his clan in a feudal struggle with the Kerrs (Kers or Carrs) of Cessford. The main action of the story is based on this feud.

VIII, 6. *Mutual pilgrimage.* It was not unusual in feudal times for the heads of clans to bind themselves by solemn vows, to perform reciprocal pilgrimages to holy shrines for the benefit of the souls of those of the opposing clan whom they had slain in battle. Such intercession had been made by the chiefs of the Scotts and of the Carrs, evidently without quieting the feud.

X, 11-12. *Her lover*, etc. The Cranstouns were an ancient Border family. Henry of Cranstoun had once taken part with the Carrs of Cessford in a feudal fight against the Scotts. This accounts for the determined purpose of the Ladye emphasized in the closing verses of this stanza. See Editor's Introduction, p. 49.

XI, 10-11. *His form no darkening shadow traced*, etc. The shadow of a magician was said to be independent of the sun. It was a popular belief "that when a class of students have made a certain progress in their mystic studies, they are obliged to run through a subterraneous hall, when the devil literally catches the hindmost in the race, unless he crosses the hall so speedily that the arch-enemy can only apprehend his shadow. In the latter case the person of the sage never after throws any shade." —Sir Walter Scott.

XII, 4. *Viewless forms of air.* Spirits of the air whose services the necromancer was able to command.

XIV,7-8. *The Spirit of the Flood,* etc. Scottish superstition ascribed floods, storms, and other natural phenomena to the influence of a class of spirits who dwelt in the air. in mountains, and in streams.

XV, 7. *Emerald rings,* etc.

> "And I serve the fairy queen
> To dew her *orbs* upon the green."
> —*Midsummer-Night's Dream,* II. i.

"These *orbs* were the verdant circles which the old sweet superstition here so sweetly delineated called fairy-rings, supposing them to be made by the night-tripping fairies dancing their merry roundels. As the ground became parched under the feet of the moonlight dancers, Puck's office was to refresh it with sprinklings of dew, thus making it greener than ever. Science has of course brushed away the charm that once hung about these circles; but we are not aware that it has given any better explanation of them than that of the old superstition.—HUDSON.

XVI,1. *Imprisoned.* Thwarted; opposed; not literally "shut up."

XVI, XVII. Popular superstition has in all ages attributed good or evil fortune in earthly affairs to the influence of the stars. The mountain spirit replies to the questionings of the river spirit that the stars are too dim to be easily read, but that their influence upon Branksome will not be kindly

> "Till pride be quell'd, and love be free."

XVIII,5. *Lord David's tower.* Sir David Scott, the builder of the tower referred to, was grandson to Sir William, who was the first owner of Branksome Castle.

XIX,15. *Should tame the Unicorn's pride.* Can you account for the apparently defective meter of this verse?

XX,6. *William of Deloraine.* In this knight we have a picture of the typical Borderer. He was a trusted retainer of the Buccleuch family and held adjoining lands in feudal tenure.

XXI, 6. *Blood-hounds.* Not an unusual method of tracking the enemy in Border warfare. See Stanza VI.

14. *As ever drove prey from Cumberland.* This daring marauder, driving prey from Cumberland, England, would be obliged to cross both the Eske and the Liddel river. That there were no convenient fords by which to cross mattered little to him. See map.

16. *England's King.* Edward VI. *Scotland's Queen.* The queen-mother, Mary of Guise.

XXV, 11-12. *In Hawick twinkled many a light,* etc. Cf. XXXI, 7.

XXVI, 10. *The Roman way.* An ancient Roman road in Roxburghshire.

XXVII, 13-16. *Cliffs, which, for many a later year,* etc. A reference to the beautiful pastoral song of Sir Gilbert Elliot, who was an ancestor of the lords of Minto. Its plaintive refrain echoes the name of the romantic cliffs:

> "Ah! what had my youth with ambition to do!
> Why left I Amynta! Why broke I my vow!"

XXIX, 11. *Our Ladye's grace.* Protection of the blessed Virgin Mary.

XXX, 6-10. *When first the Scott and Carr were foes,* etc. The feud began in 1526, in the attempt of the Scotts of Buccleuch to rescue King James V. from the hands of the Earl of Douglas. The Carrs sided with Douglas, as did Home, the head of another powerful family.

11-12. *Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood,* etc. In the struggle, Carr of Cessford was slain by Elliot, a follower of Sir Walter Scott, husband of "the Ladye" and head of the clan of Buccleuch.

XXXI, 4. *Old Melros' rose.* What device does the poet employ in this verse to avoid a disagreeable repetition of sound?

11-12. *Like that wild harp,* etc. The Æolian harp, whose delicate strings are vibrated by the wind.

INTERLUDE

See comment in the Editor's Introduction, p. 48.

CANTO SECOND

I, 12. *And the scrolls,* etc. The carved niches containing statues of saints are labeled with scrolls which bear appropriate Scriptural texts.

16. *St. David's ruin'd pile.* King David I. of Scotland founded and endowed the monastery of Melrose, 1136.

II, 7-12. *From Branksome I,* etc. The family of Buccleuch were liberal benefactors of Melrose Abbey.

V, 10. *What should ne'er be known.* See XIV, 7-8.

VIII, 3-4. *Nor herb, nor floweret,* etc. Flowers and other forms of vegetation are reproduced in the intricate carvings of Melrose Abbey, wrought with marvelous beauty and accuracy.

7-8. *And red and bright,* etc. The aurora borealis.

11-12. *Sudden the flying jennet wheel,* etc. Froissart makes mention of the skill of "the Castellyans" in the management of their horses, and of their marvelous dexterity in the use of the dart.

14. But one of the numerous instances of the association of spiritual agencies with natural phenomena.

IX, 3-10. *The darken'd roof rose high aloof,* etc. Lightness and boldness were the distinguishing characteristics of Gothic architecture

XI, 1-8. The eastern window of Melrose Abbey presents a most exquisite specimen of pure Gothic architecture. Its tracery is displayed in an intricate interlacing of slender willow wands, probably in architectural imitation of the first English churches, which were built of wickerwork.

XII, 1-2. A large marble stone in the chancel of Melrose was said to mark the tomb of Alexander II., one of the greatest of Scotland's early kings.

4. *Man of woe.* One devoted to an austere life of penance.

XIII, 6. *The bells would ring in Notre Dame.* Tradition relates that this mighty wizard once rode over seas to the court of the French king to compel him to redress certain wrongs done to Scottish subjects. His steed was the Devil in guise of a black horse. The reluctant monarch was

brought to terms upon Michael's commanding his horse to stamp three times. The first stamp shook every steeple in Paris, and caused all the bells to ring; the second threw down three of the towers of the palace. For obvious reasons the king dismissed Michael with ample concessions before the diabolical steed could give the third stamp.

9-10. Legend gives to Michael Scott the credit of dividing Eildon hill, formerly one uniform peak, into three as now seen; also, of building the dam-head across the Tweed at Kelso by invoking the services of his attendant spirits.

XV, 10-12. *When the floor of the chancel*, etc. The uncertain moonlight shining through the red cross of St. Michael in the stained window, threw a wavering cross of red upon the sepulchre. See XI, 12-16.

XVII, 5-6. *That lamp shall burn*, etc. Treatises on necromancy make frequent mention of eternal lamps exhumed from ancient sepulchres.

XIX, 8. *Book of Might.* Book of magic lore.

XX, 1-4. Scott's not infrequent violation of grammatical rules is here plainly exemplified.

XXI, 5-6. *For those*, etc. Who are meant in these lines?

XXIII, 6. *Sped.* Hastened to perform.

This stanza gives an excellent illustration of the close structure and swift movement of old ballad verse.

9. *Laid.* Arranged for burial.

XXIV, 7. (Though) *with nerves of iron twined* (=bound).

8. *Shook, like the aspen leaves*, etc. The leaves of the aspen tremble at the slightest breath of wind.

10. *Began to brighten Cheviot grey.* In what direction is Deloraine now riding?

12. *He said Ave Mary.* "The Borderers, as may be supposed, were very ignorant about religious matters. . . . But however deficient in real religion, they regularly told their beads."—Sir Walter Scott. Deloraine admits this much in Stanza VI.

XXV, 4. *Smiled Branksome towers*, etc. Deloraine has proceeded upon his homeward journey until he is within sight of the familiar towers

of Branksome. The poet here makes a digression the reason for which is soon obvious. Stanzas XXV, XXVI, XXVII introduce a counter movement in the plot of the tale.

XXVI, 2. *Hastilie.* This form is appropriate not only because it is in keeping with the ballad style, but because it gives energy to the rhyme. Cf. *furiouslie,* Canto III, XV, 7, etc.

XXVII. Observe the correspondence of question and answer in this stanza and the preceding one.

8. *Baron Henry.* Lord Cranstoun.

XXIX, XXX. It is characteristic of Sir Walter Scott rarely to describe a love scene. Admirers of his romances will remember his habit of bringing his lovers into a favorable situation at the close of a chapter. When the new chapter opens the love-making is imagined to have transpired.

XXXI, 2. *The Baron's Dwarf.* The idea of the Goblin Page is taken from his prototype the mysterious Gilpin Horner of Border Legend. This strange being was popularly believed to be a lost imp of Satan. He dwelt for some time with the family of a border farmer. [See Editor's Introduction, p. 20.]

17. *Him.* Himself. Cf. Canto IV, XI, 16.

XXXII, 1. *Use lessens marvel.* Familiarity destroys wonder or surprise.

2. *This elvish Dwarf with the Baron stay'd.* "The idea of the imp domesticating himself with the first person he met and subjecting himself to that one's authority, is perfectly consonant to old opinions."

9-11. *And he of his service,* etc. Scott's disregard of the relation of pronoun to antecedent is frequently evident.

XXXIII. The story runs that Lady Buccleuch in her pride and hatred gathered her followers in pursuit of Lord Cranstoun and would have attacked him even in the sacred chapel of St. Mary, whither he had gone on devout pilgrimage. Finding him gone, and foiled of their purpose, the Scotts cursed the Goblin Page as the evil cause of their failure and disappointment. In their rage they burned the chapel. This is said to have occurred in 1557.

XXXIV, 1-4. Observe the confusion of tenses. Note other cases as they occur.

INTERLUDE

1. *Pour'd.* Sang without pause.
5. *Mighty wine.* Rich, strong.

CANTO THIRD

II, 1. *Tunes the shepherd's reed.* Inspires the rustic lover.
2. *Mounts the warrior's steed.* Is a source of courage and strength to the warrior.
3. *In halls.* In lordly dwellings.
4. *In hamlets,* etc. Is a source of rural gaiety.

III, 2. *Pondering deep.* Note how the poet in resuming the story uses a "catchword" from the previous Canto (XXXIV, 12).

IV, 3. *He mark'd the crane,* etc. The crest of the Cranstouns (Crane-stone) was a crane dormant holding a stone in its foot.

IV, V, VI, VII. These stanzas give us good illustrations of Scott's use of alliteration. Look for this characteristic in other passages.

VI, 11. *Saddle-fast.* Unmoved in the saddle though wounded nearly to death.

VII, 9. *Kinsman.* Deloraine was distantly related to the Scotts.

VIII, 8. *A book-bosom'd priest.* Scott here refers to a tradition that priests traveling from place to place in the administration of holy offices were accustomed to carry the mass-book in their bosoms.

IX, 7-8. *Till he smear'd the cover o'er,* etc. Christian blood rendered the charm partially ineffective.

11-12. *It had much,* etc. It had so much of magic power, as could make, etc.

12-18. *Could make a ladye seem a knight,* etc. In the legends of Scottish superstition the art of *glamour* or fascination, i. e., the power of deceiving the eyesight, finds frequent mention.

X, 15. *So mot I thrive.* An oath—so may I prosper.

XI, 11. *Stronger spells.* The sorcery of the dwarf was counteracted by the "stronger spells" of the Ladye.

XIII, 3. *The running stream.* Scottish superstition held as a firm article of faith that a living stream destroys the power of magic. A good illustration is furnished in Burns's *Tam o' Shanter.*

9. *But his awful mother,* etc. The dwarf stood in awe of the Ladye's superior power. *Mother,* i. e., the child's mother.

XVII, 7-8. *He never counted him a man,* etc. By the law of arms it was considered dishonorable to wound an adversary below the knee.

XX, 2. *So high,* as a gallows.

5. *And ever comest,* etc. Become of age to lead the clan.

7. *My bow of yew,* etc. He lays a wager.

XXII, 2. *Had soon dispell'd.* Soon would have dispelled. What question of the reader does Scott anticipate when he makes excuse for the Ladye in ll. 1-4?

11-12. *But the broken lance,* etc. Evidence that his antagonist had been of flesh and blood.

XXIII, 4-10. *No longer,* etc. A method called "healing by sympathy," to which Scottish superstition attributed much virtue.

XXIV. Can you see why this stanza is made one of quiet description?

16. *The western star.* The planet Venus as seen in the west at evening.

XXV, 4. *Shakes its loose tresses,* etc. What is the effect of the interposition of this striking figure, just before the repeated question?

7. *Tighten'd breath.* Wherein lies the appropriateness of the adjective "tightened."

8. *Fire of death.* Signal-(fire) of war.

XXVII, 5-6. *On Penchryst,* etc. A line of beacon-fires, upon the summits of hills and mountains, formed unbroken communication between the Border and Edinburgh in time of danger.

9. *Mount for Branksome.* The gathering-cry of the Scotts.

XXIX, 2. *Awaked.* Lighted. *Slumbering.* Half-extinguished.

17. *Till high Dunedin,* etc. The signals were seen at Edinburgh.

19. *Regent.* The queen-mother, Mary of Guise.

XXX, 8. *Deadly shower.* An allusion to the ancient custom of hurling down missiles from elevated places upon an approaching enemy.

CANTO FOURTH

I, 8 *Upon the Tweed.* To join the Tweed.
9-10. Had heard pastoral, not martial music.
II, 1. *Unlike,* etc. Completes a simile suggested by Stanza I.
4. *Its earliest course was doom'd to know.* Suffered or performed by predestination in earlier years.
11-12. *Play'd against.* Was opposed to.
III, 12. *Southern ravage.* The accompaniments of Border warfare were the usual atrocities of fire and sword intensified by mutual hate and remembrance of mutual cruelty.
IV, 2. *Prepare ye all for.* Prepare to hear of.
4. *The floqd.* The stream.
VI, 5. *German.* Mercenary soldiers were employed by England.
19. *I had him long,* etc. I had long had a spite, or grudge, against him.
20. The marauder had driven (away), i. e., stolen, his cows.
VII. The last four lines of this stanza are not in the first edition. In what respect are they an effective addition to the original?
VIII, 3-16. "Sir John Scott of Thirlestane flourished in the reign of James V., and possessed the estates of Thirlestane, Gamescleuch, etc., lying upon the river of Ettrick, and extending to St. Mary's Loch, at the head of Yarrow. It appears, that when James had assembled his nobility, and their feudal followers, at Fala, with the purpose of invading England, and was, as is well known, disappointed by the obstinate refusal of his peers, this baron alone declared himself ready to follow the King wherever he should lead. In memory of his fidelity, James granted to his family a charter of arms, entitling them to bear a border of fleurs-de-luce, similar to the tressure in the royal arms, with a bundle of spears for the crest, motto '*Ready, aye ready.*'" —SIR WALTER SCOTT.

10. *What time.* At the time when.

IX, 1-9. *An aged Knight.* Walter Scott of Harden. "The family of Harden are descended from a younger son of the Laird of Buccleuch, who flourished before the estate of Murdieston was acquired by the marriage of one of those chieftains with the heiress, in 1296. Hence they bear the cognizance of the Scotts upon the field; whereas those of the Buccleuch are disposed upon a bend dexter, assumed in consequence of that marriage."—Sir Walter Scott.

10-15. *In the dark glen,* etc. Walter of Harden was a notorious Border freebooter.

22-23. *Five stately warriors.* The five sons of Walter Scott of Harden.

X. The Minstrel, with characteristic desire to please, drops the main story in order to tell the Ladye how her sires of old came into possession of the estates in the valley of the Esk, formerly the property of the Beattison family. In Stanzas X, XI, XII Scott tells the traditional circumstances with scrupulous exactness of detail.

22. *The Beattison.* The Lord of Beattison.

XI, 7-8. *Beshrew thy heart,* etc. Place these words in the natural order of the English sentence.

XII, 7. *He* (Branksome) *blew his bugle,* etc.

23. *One landed man.* See XI, 9-10.

XIV, 11-16. Compare with this passage, Lady Buccleuch's treatment of Margaret, as shown in Canto I, Stanza X. What is the Ladye's ruling passion?

XV, 10-11. See note to Canto III, XIII, 3.

14. *Cloth-yard shaft.* "This is no poetical exaggeration. In some of the counties of England distinguished for archery, shafts of this extraordinary length were actually used."—Sir Walter Scott.

17. *Might not.* Could not, being supernatural.

XVI, XVII, XVIII, XIX. Compare this description of the gradual approach of the English army with your own sensation while watching the slow, steady approach of any great procession or parade. Will it bear the test of experience?

XVII, 2. *Loosely.* Without observance of rank or order.

12. *Acre's conquer'd wall.* One of Lord Dacre's ancestors had participated in the siege of Acre, under Richard I. Hence the derivation of the name.

XIX, 8. *To gain his spurs.* When a youth who was a candidate for knighthood had proved his valor he was said to have "won his spurs," and in the ceremony of investiture they were usually bound to his heels by the hand of a "fair ladye."

12. *Lengthen'd.* Drawn up in battle-order.

XXI, 5. *Chasten'd fire.* Subdued spirit.

10. *A gauntlet on a spear.* The customary emblem of faith among the Borderers.

XXII, 8. *Reads.* Gives orders that.

12-13. A graphic threat of sweeping devastation. For *Cumberland,* see map.

XXV, 5-6. *That Ladye's cheer,* etc. Her face (*cheer* means countenance) showed a momentary fear.

XXVI, 4. *By oath,* etc. In certain cases, a Border criminal was allowed to vindicate himself by making a solemn oath of innocence.

10. *When English blood,* etc. In the battle of Ancram Moor, 1545, the English were defeated by the Scotch under Douglas, Buccleuch and Lesley.

14. *For the young heir,* etc. With reference to the young heir, etc.

XXVIII, 6. *Lion.* Reference to the arms of the Howard family.

10. *Clothe the dun heath,* etc. Literally, stand as thick as grain in a field.

15-18. *And Jedwood,* etc. The great clans of the regions mentioned have gathered about the Scottish leaders, Douglas, Earl of Angus, and Lord Home.

XXX, 4. *The blanche lion.* The white lion, i. e., Howard. The cognizance of a noble family was often used as a designation of the knights themselves.

XXXII, 5. *In Musgrave's right.* As Musgrave's representative.

XXXIII, 7-10. *And you may guess,* etc. It was known to her that aid was coming, but she feared to admit supernatural knowledge. Again Scott

anticipates the reader's question, and accounts for the Ladye's behavior.

XXXIV, 7. *The jovial Harper.* "The person here alluded to, is one of our ancient Border minstrels, called Rattling Roaring Willie. This *soubriquet* was probably derived from his bullying disposition; being, it would seem, such a roaring boy, as is frequently mentioned in old plays. While drinking at Newmill, upon Teviot, about five miles above Hawick, Willie chanced to quarrel with one of his own profession, who was usually distinguished by the odd name of Sweet Milk, from a place on Rule Water so called. They retired to a meadow on the opposite side of the Teviot, to decide the contest with their swords, and Sweet Milk was killed on the spot. A thorn-tree marks the scene of the murder, which is still called Sweet Milk Thorn. Willie was taken and executed at Jedburgh, bequeathing his name to the beautiful Scotch air, called Rattling Roaring Willie."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

10-12. *He knew*, etc. Allusion to an ancient collection of Border regulations.

13. *He.* The jovial Harper.

XXXV, 1-6. See note, XXXIV, 7.

CANTO FIFTH

II, 8. *A second death.* Long ignored by all except the poet, his death consigns them again to oblivion.

IV, 1. *Vails not to tell.* It is not necessary to name.

6. *The Seven Spears*, etc. The seven sons of Sir David Home of Wedderburn.

14-17. *Beneath the crest*, etc. The ancient houses of Hepburn and Home were usually in close alliance. The Earls of Home were descendants of the Dunbars. The lion rampant was conspicuous in the cognizance of each family, hence, "mingled banners." *A Home! a Home!* =the slogan or war-cry.

V, 6. *Was ta'en.* Was appointed.

VI, 7-23. Border warfare involved but little of the personal enmity that might have been expected. See VII, 12-14.

19. *Some drove the jolly bowl about.* The ancient game of *bowls* in which the players rolled a large ball of hard wood upon a level greensward.

X, 12. *Banner'd hosts.* From her window Margaret could see the armies encamped around the castle, each clan distinguished by its peculiar cognizance emblazoned on the banner.

XIII, 1-12. *Oft have I mused,* etc. The poet anticipates the reader's natural question. Mention other instances of like nature.

XVIII, 16. *On peril of his life.* To whom does "his" refer?

XIX, 1. Richard of Musgrave was a Knight of Cumberland. His grievance is stated in Canto IV, XXIV, 13-14.

2. *Freely born.* Of high birth and stainless lineage.

5. *He sayeth.* Maintains; contends.

XX, 4. *Ne'er soil'd his coat.* Coat of arms; escutcheon.

XXVI, 1-2. *She look'd to river, look'd to hill,* etc. She is reminded of the prophecy of the River and of the Fell.

5-7. *Their influence kindly stars,* etc. (See Canto I, Stanza XVII.) The prophecy is fulfilled, sooner than could have been expected, since but three days and three nights are occupied with the events of the whole narrative.

XXVIII, 3. *Taught.* Informed by some one.

XXIX, 13. *Yet rest thee God!* May God give thee rest.

16. *Snaffle, spur and spear.* The cognizance of clans in Berwickshire. See glossary.

XXX, 12. *Trailing pikes.* Homage to the dead warrior.

INTERLUDE

15. *Southern Land.* England.

19-20. *Liked not to hear,* etc. His pride is touched.

21. *That.* Conjunctive use of the word.

CANTO SIXTH

I, 4-6. *Whose heart,* etc. Scott's own return to his native country after "wandering on a foreign strand" in an ineffectual search for health is always brought to mind by these lines.

8. *No Minstrel raptures swell.* No minstrel sings of him with rapture.

14. *Doubly dying.* His name dies with his body.

II. 10-11. *Seems, as to me*, etc. Place these words in the natural order of the English sentence.

III. Observe the strong contrast between the tone of this stanza and that of the one preceding; also, the contrast in the situation and condition to that described in the Introduction of the poem.

4. *Priests of mirth and war.* The minstrels sang of both peace and war.

V, 6. *Forbidden spell.* "Popular belief, though contrary to the doctrines of the Church, made a favourable distinction betwixt magicians and necromancers, or wizards; the former were supposed to command the evil spirits, and the latter to serve, or at least to be in league and compact with, those enemies of mankind."—Sir Walter Scott. The Ladye, supposably, is one of the former class. See ll. 6-8.

9. *Planetary hour.* An hour when the stars are favorable for the exercise of necromancy.

17-18. *A merlin sat*, etc. The merlin, or sparrow-hawk, was often carried by ladies of rank, as knights carried falcons. It seems to have been a common practice in the sixteenth century to bring both hawks and hounds into the churches, a custom by some writers condemned as indecent.

VI, 6. *Marshall'd the rank*, etc. Seated the guests in due order of rank.

10-12. *The princely peacock's gilded train*, etc. The peacock after being roasted was served in its own plumage. The "boar-head garnish'd brave" was decked with tiny heraldic banners. The "cygnet" (swan) was also a favorite delicacy in feudal times.

VII, 18. *But bit his glove.* "A pledge of mortal revenge."

26. *A Cologne blade.* Conrad of Wolfenstein was a German mercenary.

VIII, 8-12. *Arthur Fire-the-Braes; Red Roland Forster*, etc. Local personalities for which Scott shows a peculiar fondness. Their introduction (here and elsewhere) in the poem has received the censure of great critics.

11. *To quit them.* To match them; to show equal courtesy.

13. *A deep carouse,* etc. A hearty pledge with wine.

18-19. *Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,* etc. One of the ancestral Scotts was credited with prodigious strength, and tradition relates that once attending the royal hunting party on foot he, single-handed, overpowered a stag which stood at bay, turned the animal upon its back by seizing its horns, and carrying it up a steep hill, laid it at the feet of the King. This happened in a glen made inaccessible by steep rocks and a morass impassable on horseback. Hence the name and arms, marks of royal favor,—*Buck-cleuch* (or *-glen*).

IX, 8. *Hob Armstrong.* See note to VIII, 8-12.

X, 8-11. *Well friended, too,* etc. "The residence of the Græmes being chiefly in the Debateable Land, so called because it was claimed by both kingdoms, their depredations extended both to England and Scotland, with impunity; for as both wardens accounted them the proper subjects of their own prince, neither inclined to demand reparation for their excesses from the opposite officers, which would have been an acknowledgment of his jurisdiction over them."—Sir Walter Scott.

XI,XII. An example of a favorite form of the old English ballad. It was characterized by closeness of structure and condensed thought.

XI, 2, et. al. *The sun shines fair,* etc. A verse thus recurring in a song is called the "burden."

XII, 1. *She had not tasted well.* Scarcely had tasted.

XIII,4. *Haughty Henry.* Henry VIII.

XV,3-4. *When Surrey,* etc. Surrey was executed on Tower-Hill, 1546, by order of Henry VIII. *Deathless lay.* Enduring song.

10-12. *With Howard still Fitztraver came,* etc. The Minstrel relates that after the death of Surrey his faithful (supposed) bard Fitztraver placed himself under the protection of Lord William Howard ("Belted Will Howard"), warden of the West Marches before mentioned.

XVI-XX. Fitztraver's Song, as compared with that of Albert Græme, is more elegant and artificial. It is also more complicated in structure, following the form of the Spenserian stanza.

XVI, 4. *Wise Cornelius.* Cornelius Agrippa, a celebrated alchemist and necromancer. The incident related in Fitztraver's ballad is said to have happened during Surrey's eastern travels.

8. *In life and limb.* In lifelike form.

XVII, 9. *Departing.* Dying.

XIX, 8. *Line.* General name for verse; poetry.

XX, 3-4. *Royal envy.* Henry VIII's jealous temperament could not tolerate near the throne a man of Surrey's brilliant accomplishments. Thus, "royal envy" brought him to the block.

8. *Gory bridal bed.* Of Henry VIII's six unhappy wives, two were beheaded. *Plunder'd shrine.* Allusion to the suppression of abbeys and monasteries in Henry's reign.

XXI, 13-14. The castle of Kirkwall was built by the St. Clairs, Earls of Orkney.

XXII, 6. *The raven's food.* The Norse sea-rovers or pirates were accustomed to display a raven upon their banner. The raven was the scavenger of the battle-field.

7. *Kings of the main.* Vikings, or sea-rovers.

8. *Dragons of the wave.* Ships, in the florid metaphor of the Scandinavian bards.

17. *Dread Maids.* The Valkyrie, supernatural warrior-maidens, sent by Odin to choose those who were to be slain in battle.

19-24. *Of Chiefs,* etc. It was customary to bury with Northern warriors their arms and accoutrements. One who coveted a hero's fame could give no greater proof of his prowess than to risk a supernatural encounter such as is indicated in these lines.

28. *Milder minstrelsy.* Roslin castle was in the Lothian region, southern Scotland. This would account for the "milder minstrelsy" mingled with the wild northern strain.

XXIII, 21. *The ring they ride,* etc. A game of skill in which Knights riding at full speed strove to bear away upon the lance a ring which was suspended above the course in the lists.

23. *The wine will chide,* etc. Will not enjoy his wine if Rosabelle be not there to fill the cup.

25-44. Tradition asserts that the death of members of the St. Clair family was heralded by an un-

natural light which illuminated the castle and bathed it with a wondrous ruddy glow.

34. *Uncoffin'd.* The burial custom of the St. Clair family for many generations.

39. *Foliage-bound.* Carved to imitate foliage after the Gothic style.

42. *Rose-carved.* The frequent appearance of the rose among the carvings was in allusion to the name *Roslin*, though its etymology (*Ross*, a promontory; *Linnhe*, a linn, or waterfall) shows no connection with the flower.

50. *With candle*, etc. Part of the burial service of the Church of Rome.

XXVI, 17. *The spectre-hound*, etc. *The Manthe Doog* or spectre-dog of the Isle of Man. An encounter with this unearthly creature was said to be attended with unspeakable horrors and followed by immediate and awful death.

XXX, 23-24. *Dies iræ, dies illa*, etc. The first words of the familiar Latin hymn of Thomas of Celano.

XXXI. Scott's translation of the *Dies iræ* is one of a countless number. Probably no poem has been so often translated as this one.

GLOSSARY

Abbaye or abbey. The church of a monastery. Canto I. Stanza XXXI. Line 6.

Acton. A padded jacket worn under a coat of mail. III. VI. 9.

Acre. See note to IV. XVII. 12.

Address'd. Prepared, made ready. III. XI. 1.

Agen (*obs.*). Again. III. XXXI. 14.

Agra. Once a large and splendid city of Hindostan, from which Eastern products were exported. VI. XVIII. 8.

All. Frequently used in this poem simply to intensify the expression. V. X. 9.

Almagest. A famous book of astronomy, compiled by Ptolemy in the second century A. D. VI. XVII. 7.

Amice. A pilgrim's robe. VI. XXVI. 21.

Angus. See DOUGLAS. IV. XXVIII. 16.

Anon. Soon. Literally *in one* (moment). Introduction, line 48.

Archibald, Lord. One of the remote ancestors of the House of Douglas. IV. XXXIV. 11.

Argent. Silver. (A term of heraldry.) IV. XXIII. 12.

Arthur's Wain. The constellation of stars known familiarly as the Little Bear or Ursa Minor. I. XVII. 1.

Ave Mary. Ave Maria (Hail Mary), the first words of the Roman Catholic prayer to the Virgin Mary. II. XXIV. 12.

Aventayle. The visor of a helmet. II. III. 9.

Azure. Blue. (A term of heraldry.) IV. IX. 3.

Baldric. A broad belt worn over one shoulder, across the breast and under the opposite arm. VI. XXVI. 22.

Bale. A bundle of beacon-fagots. III. XXVII. 5.

Balm. Balmy. III. XXIV. 4.

Bandelier. A belt for carrying ammunition. III. XXI. 11.

Ban-dog. A fierce watch-dog usually kept chained (banded). Originally *band*-dog. I. XIII. 2.

Barbed. Accoutred with defensive armor; said of a horse. I. V. 5.

Barbican. An outwork defending the entrance to a castle or city. I. XXV. 3.

Bard. See MINSTREL. Introduction, 7.

Barded. See BARBED. I. XXIX. 5.

Barnhill. A celebrated outlaw, said to have had his stronghold on Minto Crags. A certain flat, projecting rock, commanding an extensive view from these crags, is called *Barnhill's Bed*. I. XXVII. 6.

Barret-cap. A kind of cap worn by soldiers. III. XVI. 13.

Bartizan. "A small, projecting structure for outlook or defense." IV. XX. 5.

Basnet or Bascinet. A light, open helmet. I. XXV. 6.

Beattison. See Notes, IV. X.

Beaver. The piece of armor which protected the lower part of the face. V. XXIV. 4.

Bellenden. A central stronghold of the Scotts, "frequently used as their place of rendezvous and gathering word." IV. XIII. 6.

Belted. A belt was a token or badge of knightly rank. IV. VI. 3.

Bend or Band. In heraldry, a band crossing the field of the coat of arms diagonally from the upper right hand to the lower left. IV. IX. 5.

Beshrew. Curse. IV. XI. 7.

Bethune or Beatoun. The ancestral family of Lady Buccleuch. Their ancient seat was in the province of Picardy, France. I. XI. 3.

Better. Stronger, right as opposed to left. IV. XXI. 7.

Bilboa blade. A long, narrow sword, so named from Bilbao, a town in Spain. V. XVI. 13.

Bill. Battle-axe, IV. XVIII. 1.

Billhope stag. Billhope was in Liddesdale. According to an old ballad "Billhope braes" were famous for "bucks and raes." IV. V. 5.

Bloody Heart. The cognizance of the house of Douglas, assumed when one of their number received from Robert Bruce the solemn commission to carry his heart to the Holy Land. V. IV. 3.

Blows. Blooms. II. XXV. 6.

Bodkin. A small dagger. VI. IX. 14.

Borthwick. A branch of the Teviot River. IV. IX. 8.

Bowl. (1) Wine-cup. VI. VI. 19. (2) The ball used in the game of bowls. V. VI. 19.

Bowne. To make ready, to prepare. III. XXIX. 20.

Brand. (1) A sword. IV. XXII. 5. (2) A burning or half-burned piece of wood. IV. XXII. 12.

Branksome Tower. Branxholm Castle, the baronial stronghold and ancient seat of the Scotts, Lords of Buccleuch. It is situated on the Teviot River near Hawick. The name is here spelled *Branksome* for the sake of euphony. I. I. 1.

Buccleuch. See Editor's Introduction, pp. 48-9.

Buff. A kind of dressed leather. V. XVI. 8.

Burden or Burthen. The refrain of a song. VI. XXX. 22. Also, VI. Epilogue, 29.

Burn. A small stream. II. XXXIII. 14.

Buttress. A projecting mass of masonry generally used to strengthen or support an arch. II. I. 9.

By times. Betimes, in good season. V. X. 11.

Caledonia. "The ancient Latin name for Scotland. Still used poetically." VI. II. 1.

Can. (*Old English.*) To know. II. VI. 6.

Career. A rapid course; going on horseback at full speed. III. V. 8.

Carlisle. In Cumberland. (See Map.) I. VI. 10.

Carouse. (1) A revel. (2) A large draught of liquor, a pledge. VI. VIII. 13.

Carr (or Kerr). See Note to I. VII. 7.

Carter (The). A mountain on the English border. II. XXV. 2.

Cast. A flight or set of hawks. (A term used in falconry.) IV. XI. 5.

Certes. Surely, in truth. IV. XXX. 8.

Cessford. The ancestral seat of the Carrs. It was situated on the Kail Water. I. VIII. 9.

Champion. A knight who contended in the lists with those of his own rank, in defense of the rights or honor of injured ladies or children, or for some other righteous cause. See "Chivalry" in any good encyclopedia. V. XVIII. 15.

Chancel. That part of the church reserved for the use of the clergy; the part where the altar is placed. II. XXII. 10.

Chapelle. Chapel. VI. XXIII. 46.

Character. Symbol, figure. (A term of magic art.) VI. XVII. 6.

Chased the day. Made the time pass swiftly. V. VI. 20.

Cheer (*n.*). This word has, besides the ordinary meanings, two special ones. (1) Food, refreshment. V. V. 11. (2) Countenance. IV. XXV. 5.

Chivalry. Generally speaking, "the spirit, usages, or manners of knighthood." As used in the *Lay*, Border Chivalry means Knights of the Border, e.g., "*Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry.*" IV. XIX. 4.

Clarence. Thomas, Duke of Clarence, brother to Henry V. V. IV. 10. (See SWINTON.)

Claymore. A large two-handled sword. V. XXI. 10.

Clerk. A learned person. I. XI. 2.

Cloistered. Enclosed, covered; having cloisters, or enclosed walks. II. VII. 8.

Copse-wood. A wood or grove of small trees. VI. XXIII. 30.

Corbell. A grotesquely formed bracket frequently employed in Gothic architecture to strengthen the spring of an arch. II. IX. 7.

Cornelius. See Note to VI. XVI. 4.

Corse. Corpse. III. XI. 3.

Couch (*v.*). To lower a spear or lance to the position of attack I. XXI. 2.

Counter. The breast of a horse. (From the Latin *contra*, i.e., the part *opposed* to onset or shock.) I. XXIX. 5.

Cranstoun. See Note to I. X. 11-12.

Crescent and Star. Arms of the Scotts of Buccleuch. I. XIX. 16.

Cresset. An open lamp filled with combustible material and used as a torch. III. XXVI. 8.

Crossed. Vanquished. IV. XXX. 13.

Crownlet. A coronet. V. II. 17.

Culver. A culverin, a small cannon. IV. XX. 7.

Cumberland. An English Border county. IV. XXII. 13. (See Map.)

Cushat-dove. A wood-pigeon. II. XXXIV. 9.

Dacre. See Note to IV. XVII. 12.

Daggled. Wet, draggled. I. XXIX. 10.

Dame. A lady of dignity; the mistress of a family. III. XXXI. 1.

Dark. Wicked, inspiring fear or dread. II. X. 7.

Darkling. Dark, shadowy. VI. IX. 21.

Dear (*adv.*). (1) Dearly, cordially, from the heart. *The Ladye prayed them dear.* V. V. 8. (2) (*adj.*). Cordial, heartfelt. V. VI. 15.

Debate (*n.*). Fight, contest, strife. III. IV. 8.

Deloraine. See Note to I. XX. 6.

Despiteous. Cruel, pitiless. V XIX. 4.

Dight. Arrayed. I. VI. 1.

Dint. (1) A blow, a stroke. III. VI. 1. (2) Force, power. II. XVIII. 5.

Distil. To fall in drops. V. I. 8.

Doublet. A close-fitting garment for men, covering the body from

the neck to a little below the waist. V. XVI. 8.

Douglas. Archibald Douglas, seventh Earl of Angus. V. IV. 4.

Draughts. The game now known as checkers. V. VI. 20.

Drie (*obs.*). To endure. II. V. 12.

Druid. A priest of heathen Britain. I. XXV. 10.

Dub. To confer knighthood. V. V. 18.

Dundee (Great). The Viscount of Dundee, slain in the battle of Killiecrankie while commanding the army of James II. IV. II. 10.

Dunedin. Edinburgh. Anciently, *Edwinsburgh*. I. VII. 10.

Earn. A Scottish eagle. III. XXIX 14.

Ebon. Ebony. II. I. 10.

Eburnine. Made of ivory. VI. XIX. 6.

Edward, King. Edward VI. IV. XXIV. 22.

Eld. Age. II. XXXI. 1.

Ell. A rarely used cloth-measure. The Scottish ell was about 37 inches. IV. V. 17.

Emprize. Enterprise, undertaking. IV. XXVI. 1.

Erst. Previously, formerly. VI. XXI. 11.

Escalade. An assault upon fortifications by means of ladders. IV. XVIII. 14.

Ettrick. The Scotts possessed an extensive domain in Ettrick Forest. I. VIII. 10.

Fair (*n.*). A fair lady, a sweetheart. II. XXVIII. 13.

Falchion. A broad-bladed, slightly curved, short sword. I. VII. 11.

Falcon. An ancient form of cannon. IV. XX. 7.

Fantasy. Whim, caprice. V. XIII. 17.

Favour. Gift, token. It was customary for the knight to wear his lady's favor. IV. XIX. 9.

Fell (*n.*). A barren or rocky hill or upland. IV. III. 1. (*adj.*). Cruel, inhuman, deadly. II. XIX. 12.

Fence. To defend, to guard. II. II. 10. (*n.*). A defense or guard. IV. V. 14.

Flemens-firth. Refuge for outlaws. IV. XXIV. 8.

Fleur-de-lys. A conventional figure in art, ornament, and heraldry, suggested by the iris flower. II. IX. 6.

Flower of Teviot. Margaret of Branksome. V. X. 6.

Flower of Yarrow. Mary Scott of Dryhope, wife of Baron Walter Scott, who flourished during the reign of Queen Mary. IV. IX. 16.

Foot-cloth. Housing or caparison for a horse. V. XVII. 3.

For. Notwithstanding, in spite of. V. XII. 9.

Friended, well. Rich in friends. VI. X. 8.

Frontlet. Armor for the horse's head. I. V. 5.

Frounced. Plaited, flounced. IV. XVIII. 11.

Gain. Learn, gather. V. XXVII. 2.

Galliard. A gay, active man. IV. XI. 18.

Gamescleugh. One of the estates of Sir John Scott of Thirlestane. It was situated on the Ettrick river. IV. VIII. 2.

Gathering word. The secret word passed from lip to lip as the signal for the gathering of a clan. IV. XIII. 6.

Gauntlet. Defensive mail for the hand. To throw down or to strike with the gauntlet was to offer a challenge at arms. IV. XXXII. 7.

Gear, to follow. To put on armor, hence to engage in feats of arms. V. XXIX. 17.

Ghostly. Spiritual. V. XXIII. 15.

Glaive. A kind of sword. IV. XIX. 5.

Glamour. Magical delusion, witchcraft. See note to III. IX. 12-18.

Glee. Music, minstrelsy. Intro. 1. 73.

Goblin Page. See note to II. XXXI. 2.

Gorget. The neck-plate of a suit of armor. V. XXII. 7.

Gorse. A thorny evergreen shrub common in England and Scotland. Also called *furze* or *whin*. II. XXXI. 12.

Graeme. Graham. IV. II. 15.

Gramarye. Magic. VI. XVII. 1.

Gramercy. (Fr. *grand-merci*.) Many thanks. III. XX. 1.

Gratulating. Congratulating, joyful greeting. V. XXIV. 6.

Guarded. Ornamented. VI. V. 16.

Hackbut-men or hackbuteers. Musketeers. IV. VI. 5.

Hag. The broken ground in a bog. IV. V. 4.

Hairibee. The place of execution of border marauders at Carlisle. The "neck-verse" was the beginning of the 51st Psalm, *Miserere Dei*, etc. It was anciently read by criminals claiming the benefit of clergy. I. XXIV. 8.

Halidon. A seat of the Carrs. I. XXX. 3.

Hall. In feudal times, the chief room in a castle or manor-house. V. X. 1.

Hap. Chance. E.g. *What hap had proved*—what chance had happened. V. XXVIII. 12.

Harness. Armor of horse or man. I. IV. 3.

Harquebuss. A rude firearm. IV. XXIX. 7.

Haugh. A level plain, low-lying country. Found combined with names of places. IV. VI. 16.

Held. Esteemed. IV. VII. 12.

Hepburn. See note to V. IV. 14-17.

Heriot. A tribute or gift which a feudal superior might claim of a vassal. IV. X. 15.

Hermitage. One of the castles of the Douglas family. V. XII. 6.

Heron-shew. A heron. VI. VI. 9.

High. Frequently used in the sense of powerful, important, exalted, lofty. III. XXVI. 3.

Hight. Promised. VI. XVI. 7.

Holyrood. The royal palace of Scotland, located at Edinburgh. Intro. 81.

Homage. A part of the feudal ceremony of conferring a fief. Profession of fealty to a sovereign or overlord. IV. X. 14.

Home. See note to V. IV. 14-17.

Hooded. Having the head and eyes covered with a hood. (A term used in falconry.) VI. VI. 23.

Host. The consecrated wafer presented in the eucharistic sacrament of the Roman Church. VI. XXX. 6.

Howard. See SCROOP. V. V. 17.

Hunthill. The Rutherfords of Hunthill were a noted Border family. VI. VII. 10.

Idlesse. Archaic and romantic form for idleness. I. II. 1.

Imagery. Statues. II. I. 11.

Inch. Isle. VI. XXIII. 10.

Ind. India. VI. XIX. 2.

Inly. Inwardly, secretly. III. VII. 8.

Jack. A coat of defense, usually made of leather. IV. V. 14.

Jedwood-axe, or Jeddart staff. A battle-axe with a long handle or staff. I. V. 6.

Jennet. A small Spanish horse. II. VIII. 11.

Keep. The strongest and most secure part of a castle; a stronghold. III. XXX. 7.

Ken (*n.*). Sight, vision, view. IV. VII. 3. (*v.*) To discern, recognize, hold. IV. XVI. 7.

Kindling. Burning, flushing. I. IX. 16.

Kirtle. A kind of petticoat or kilt used as a part of the dress of either sex. II. XXVI. 2.

Land Debateable. Border land which was for a long time claimed by both England and Scotland. VI. X. 7.

Larum. Alarm, summons to arms. VI. XXV. 15.

Lauds. Service of praise in the Roman Church. I. XXXI. 8.

Lay. A ballad or narrative poem, sung or recited by a minstrel or wandering bard. Intro. l. 18.

Leading staff. A wand or lance borne as a sign of authority. V. XVIII. 7.

Levin-brand. A stroke of lightning. VI. XXV. 10.

Liddesdale, Knight of. William Douglas, a knight of great valor who flourished in the reign of David II. He cruelly murdered his friend and brother-in-arms, Lord Ramsey, and expiated the deed by his own death at the hands of his godson, William, Earl of Douglas. See DARK. II. X. 7.

Liege. Having authority or claim to allegiance. IV. X. 12.

Linn, or Lin. A waterfall. IV. XII. 12.

List (*v.*). To desire, to be disposed to do a thing, to choose. II. XIII. 5.

Litherlie. Cunning, mischievous, treacherous. II. XXXII. 7.

Living. In England and Scotland a term used to designate the estate, income, or benefice of a clergyman. II. II. 11.

Long of. Because of. V. XXIX. 8.

Lorn. Lost, undone, bereft. I. XXIII. 5.

Lurcher. A mongrel dog of keen scent often used by poachers. III. XII. 9.

Lyke-wake. Death-watch. IV. XXVI. 20.

Lyme-dog. A dog used in hunting the wild boar, and led by a leam or string. VI. VII. 22.

Make. To do. IV. XXVIII. 3.

March-man. Border-man. Applied to a person living on the border-land or "march" of England and Scotland. I. XXX. 1.

March-treason. Violation of a border-truce. IV. XXVI. 4.

Mark. An old coin worth about $3.22. V. XXIX. 7.

Mary (Queen). Mary of Guise, mother of Mary Queen of Scots. V. XI. 16.

Matin-prime. Early morning. Specifically the first canonical hour of the Roman Catholic Church (6 a.m.). I. XXI. 12.

Melrose (Abbey). A once magnificent abbey, now in ruins, situated on the Tweed river in Roxburghshire. II. I. 1.

Melting. Figuratively used; tender, pathetic. II. XXIX. 5.

Merlin. A sparrow-hawk. VI. V. 17.

Michael. St. Michael. The feast of this saint is celebrated on the 29th of September. II. XI. 13.

Mickle. Much, great. IV. XV. 7.

Michael Scott. See SCOTT.

Minion. A favorite. IV. Interlude. 15.

Ministry. Care. II. XXXII. 11.

Miniver A costly fur. VI. IV. 7.

Minstrel. A bard; a singer and harper. "Specifically, in the middle ages, the minstrels were a class who devoted themselves to the amusement of the great in castle or camp by singing ballads or songs of love and war, sometimes of their own composition, with accompaniment on the harp, lute or other instrument, together with suitable mimicry and action, and also by story-telling, etc."—*Century Dict.* Intro. 2.

Minto-crags. A picturesque group of cliffs, which rise abruptly from Teviotdale. I. XXVII. 5.

Misprised. Undervalued. V. Interlude. 22.

Moat-hill (The). One of the many ancient mounds found in various parts of Scotland. The one mentioned is near Hawick. I. XXV. 9.

Monmouth. See note to Intro. 37.

Morion. A kind of open helmet. IV. V. 13.

Morris or Morris-dance. Originally a Moorish dance. A favorite rustic dance in England and Scotland. I. XV. 5.

Morsing-horn. A powder-flask. IV. XVIII. 12.

Moss-troopers. Marauders who dwelt in the *mosses* or marshes of the borders. IV. IX. 2.

Mot (*obs.*) (*v.*). May. III. X. 15.

Muir. A moor. IV. X. 26.

Naworth. In Cumberland. (See Map.) VI. XV. 7.

Neck-verse. See HAIRIBEE. I. XXIV. 8.

Need-fire. Beacon. III. XXIX. 2.

Newark (Castle). One of the seats of the Buccleuch family. It was built by James II. upon the bank of the Yarrow near Ettrick Forest in Selkirkshire. (See Map.) Intro. 27.

Numbers. Poetic measures, i.e., lines of verse. VI. XXII. 30.

Odin. A chief deity of the ancient Scandinavians. VI. XXI. 16.

On row. In a row. IV. XXIX. 7.

Orcades. The Orkney Islands. VI. XXI. 10.

Otterburne, Chief of. James, Earl of Douglas, slain in the desperate battle of Otterburne, 1388. The English leader was Henry Percy ("Hotspur"), who was taken prisoner. The Scots were victorious. II. X. 6.

Ousenam. A stream of Teviotdale upon which the seat of the Cranstouns was located. V. XI. 10.

Owches. Jewels. VI. IV. 5.

Padua. A town in northern Italy, long believed to be the location of the foremost school of necromancy. I. XI. 5.

Pain. Penalty. IV. XXIV. 10.

Palfrey. A saddle horse, for the road or for state occasions, not a war-horse. Intro. 13.

Palmer. One who is devoted to a religious life, and wanders from shrine to shrine performing sacred vows. "A *Palmer*, opposed to *Pilgrim*, was one who made it his sole business to visit different holy shrines; traveling incessantly, and subsisting by charity; whereas the Pilgrim retired to his usual home and occupations, when he had paid his devotions at the particular spot which was the

object of his pilgrimage."—*Sir Walter Scott.* II. XIX. 5.

Partisan. A pike. IV. XX. 6.

Passing (*adj.*). Exceeding, surpassing. IV. V. 11.

Patter. To mutter, to mumble. E.g., *To patter an Ave Mary.* As applied to prayer, probably a corruption of *Pater Noster*, "our Father." II. VI. IV.

Paynim. A heathen, an infidel. II. XII. 5.

Peel. A border town of defense. IV. III. 6.

Pen. A hill-top or summit. III. XXV. 1.

Pensil. A narrow flag or streamer. IV. XXVII. 4.

Percy. See SCROOP. I. VI. 8.

Picardie. See BETHUNE. I. XI. 3.

Pinnet. A pinnacle. VI. XXIII. 41.

Plain. To complain, to lament. IV. XIV. 5.

Plantagenet. The royal house of England descended from Geoffrey Plantagenet of Anjou. It began with Henry II. and ended with Richard III. V. IV. 10.

Plight (*n.*). A pledge. VI. XXVII. 5.

Poesy. Poetical ease or skill. V. Interlude. 20.

Port. (1) Deportment, carriage, manner. VI. XIII. 2. (2) A martial piece of music adapted to bagpipes. V. XIV. 2.

Possess'd. Influenced by an evil spirit. III. XXI. 16.

Postern door. A back door or gate. Metaphorically a secret passage. II. IX. 1.

Pricking. The act of riding or guiding with spurs. IV. VII. 10.

Psaltery. A kind of stringed instrument of music. VI. VI. 18.

Ptarmigan. A species of grouse. VI. VI. 13.

Pursuivant. A herald, or one attending on a herald. IV. XXIII. 10. Also styled *pursuivant-at-arms.* IV. XXIII. 5.

Quaint. Strange, unusual. V. XII. 10.

Quatre-feuille (Quarter-foil). An ornamental design formed by the combination of four lobes or foils. II. IX. 6.

Quit. To acquit, to repay, to requite. VI. VIII. 11.

Rade. Old form for *rode.* II. XXXI. 16.

Ravensheuch. A castle of the Barons of Roslin. It was built on an abrupt crag washed by the Firth of Forth. VI. XXIII. 7.

Reed. A rustic musical instrument made of the hollow stem of some plant. IV. I. 9.

Rest. A projection from the right side of a cuirass serving to support the butt of a lance or spear. III. IV. 4.

Right (*adv.*). Very. III. XV. 7.

Rood. Emblem of the crucifixion, the cross. IV XXVIII. 14.

Roslin. Seat of the St. Clairs, Barons of Roslin. VI. XXVI. 26.

Roundelay. A song in which there is a frequent repetition of a particular strain, a round. VI. XIII. 3.

Route. (1) Uproar, clamor. V. VI. 22. (2) *In hasty route.* In a tumultuous crowd. III. XXVIII. 9.

Runic. Pertaining to the *runes*, or mysterious characters of the ancient Norse alphabet. VI. XXII. 11.

Rushy. In mediæval times it was customary to strew the floor with rushes. Hence, *the rushy floor.* I. II. 6.

Sackcloth. Coarse cloth for making sacks. Anciently sackcloth garments were worn in penance for sin. II. IV. 5.

Sacristy. A place for keeping the sacred vessels and vestments of the church. VI. XXIII. 38.

Saga. A Norse legend, or heroic tale. VI. XXII. 14.

St. George's Red Cross. The English banner. St. George is the patron saint of England. I. VI. 5.

St. Mary's. St. Mary's Loch at the head of the Yarrow. II. XXXIII. 16.

Salamanca's Cave. "'Spain, from the relics, doubtless, of Arabian learning and superstition, was accounted a favorite residence of magicians. Pope Sylvester, who actually imported from Spain the use of the Arabian numerals, was supposed to have learned there the magic, for which he was stigmatized by the ignorance of his age.' *William of Malmsbury*, lib. ii. cap. 10. 'There were public schools, where magic, or rather the sciences supposed to involve its mysteries, were regularly taught, at Toledo, Seville, and Salamanca. In the latter city, they were held in a deep cavern; the mouth of which was walled up by Queen Isabella, wife of King Ferdinand.'—*D'Auton on Learned Incredulity*, p. 45."—Sir Walter Scott. II. XIII. 4.

Saye. A word, a statement. VI. VII. 13.

Scald. A Norse poet or bard. VI. XXII. 10.

Scathe (*n.*). Injury, hurt. V. XIX. 4.

Scaur (skar). A steep bank or rock. I. XII. 10.

Scott, Michael. "*Sir Michael Scott* of Balwearie flourished during the 13th century, and was one of the ambassadors sent to bring the Maid of Norway to Scotland upon the death of Alexander III. By a poetical anachronism, he is here placed in a later era. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries. He wrote a commentary upon Aristotle, printed at Venice in 1496; and several treatises upon natural philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial astronomy, alchemy, physiognomy, and chiromancy. Hence he passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician. Dempster informs us, that he remembers to have heard in his youth, that the magic books of Michael Scott were still in existence, but could not be opened without danger, on account of the malignant fiends who were thereby invoked."—Sir Walter Scott. II. XIII. 2.

Scroop, Howard and Percy. Wardens of the English Marches or border-lands. I. VI. 8.

Scutcheon (escutcheon). A shield, ornamented with armorial figures. II. X. 1.

Seignory. Dominion, the authority of a feudal lord. IV. X. 14.

Selle. Hall; a spacious and elegant apartment. VI. VIII. 6.

Seneschal. The steward or chief domestic officer of a noble house. III. XXVII. 1.

Sewer. One whose duty was to serve the guests at a feast. VI. VI. 29.

Shade. (1) A forest. IV. VII. 7. (2) A spirit, a ghost. V. II. 9.

Shalm (or shawm). A wind instru-

ment resembling the clarinet. VI. VI. 18.

Sheeling. A shepherd's hut. III. IX. 16.

Shrift. Confession of sins to a priest. III. VII. 13.

Slashed. Long, narrow cuts or slashes were made in a garment in order to show the rich lining to better advantage. V. XVI. 9.

Slogan. The war-cry of a border-clan. I. VII. 12.

Sooth. Truth. IV. Interlude. 17.

Soothly. Truly. *Soothly swear* = truly say. II. I. 17.

Southron. One dwelling in the south. A name common in Scotland for any Englishman. III. XIX. 4.

Span. About nine inches, or the distance from the end of the thumb to the end of the little finger when extended. III. XVII. 5.

Spell. A magic formula of words, an incantation, an enchantment. II. XXII. 14.

Sprite. A spirit. VI. V. 8.

Spurn. When used of a horse, it = to kick or toss up the heels. V. IV. 5.

Stark. Strong, thorough. I. XXI. 1.

Stole (*n.*). An embroidered band which forms an important part of a priest's vestments. It is worn about the neck, the ends falling toward the feet in front. V. XXX. 9.

Strain. (1) A musical period or sentence. Also a song or other poetical composition. VI. XXX. 26. (2) Descent, lineage. E.g., *Of noble strain.* V. XX. 2.

Streamers. A stream or column of light shooting upward from the horizon, constituting one of the forms of the aurora borealis. II. VIII. 7.

Surrey. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, a distinguished cavalier and poet. He was one of the first of those who introduced the sonnet stanza into England. VI. XIII. 7.

Swain. A country gallant or lover. I. XXVII. 15.

Swinton. An ancient Scottish family. At the battle of Beaugé, in France, Sir John Swinton unhorsed the Duke of Clarence, brother of Henry V., having recognized him by the coronet of precious stones which the duke wore around his helmet. V. IV. 8-10.

Swith. Quick, speedy. IV. XXII. 8.

Tarn. A mountain lake. III. XXIX. 13.

Thanedom. The estate of a thane. *Thane* is a title anciently used to designate the rank of *baron*. V. II. 20.

Thirlestane. Sir John Scott of Thirlestane. His estates were situated on the Ettrick river. See note. IV. VIII. 3 ff.

Throstle. The song-thrush. VI. Epilogue. 18.

Tide. Time, period. VI. IV. 1.

Tire. A woman's head-dress. III. XXI. 9.

Tracery. In Gothic architecture, ornamental work with ramified (branching) lines. II. XI. 3.

Train (*v.*). To allure, to entice. III. XII. 3.

Trencher. A wooden plate or platter. VI. IX. 11.

Tressured. Having an ornamental border. IV. VIII. 5.

Trophied. Hung with trophies. VI. XXV. 7.

Trow. To believe or trust. I. V. 5.

Trump. Sound of a trumpet. VI. XXXI. 8.

Truncheon. A short staff, the snaft of a spear. I. XIX. 6.

Tryst. An appointment. **Trysting place.** A place appointed for meeting or assembling. II. XXXIII. 9.

Uneath. Scarcely, not easily. VI. XXIX. 4.

Unicorn. Arms of the Carrs of Cessford. I. XIX. 15.

Vails. Avails. V. IV. 1.

Vassalage. A body of vassals or retainers. V. XII. 9.

Velez. Velez Malaga, a Spanish town. II. Interlude, 6.

Vilde. Vile. III. XIII. 5.

Wain. A wagon. III. XI. 8.

Warden. A keeper or guardian. In border-times, the holder of a small frontier castle. IV. XXII. 1.

Warden-raid. An inroad commanded by the warden in person. IV. IV. 14.

Warkworth. In Northumberland. See map. I. VI. 10.

Warrison. The signal for assault. IV. XXIV. 19.

Wassel. Wassail, a carouse, a festive occasion. V. VIII. 1.

Water Sprite. See note to I. XIV. 7-8.

Wat of Harden. See Editor's Introduction, p. 9. Also II. XXXIII. 10.

Watt Tinlinn. A retainer of the Buccleuch family and an archer of much prowess in Border warfare. IV. IV. 3.

Weapon-schaw. Armed force. IV. XXVIII. 8.

Ween. To think, to imagine. III. III. 1.

Welladay! Alas! Corrupted from wellaway. Intro. 9.

While (The). During the time that. II. I. 15.

Whinger. A knife or poniard. V. VII. 9.

Wight (*n.*). A creature: used humorously to designate an unlucky or blundering person. I. I. 6. (*adj.*). Active, strong. IV. XXVI. 11.

Wimple. Folds of linen formerly worn by women as an out-door protection for the neck and chin. V. XVII. 4.

Wind. (1) To sound (a horn) by blowing. IV. XI. 25. (2) To flow in a winding channel, as a river. IV. I. 5. (3) Wind, to follow game by the scent. V. XXIX. 19.

Withal (*prep.*). With (placed after the object). III. Interlude. 11. (*adv.*). Likewise, at the same time. VI. XXV. 16.

Yeoman. In England, a free born citizen of the first or highest class among the common people, the class just below the gentry. I. III. 5.

Yew. A kind of evergreen tree from whose wood bows were made. *The yew*, meaning the bow made of yew. VI. IX. 2.

Yoke. The symbol of bondage or servitude. IV. XI. 4.

discussed
including the Lenzalan genus of plants
the lichens and liverworts

Tina
Reaham